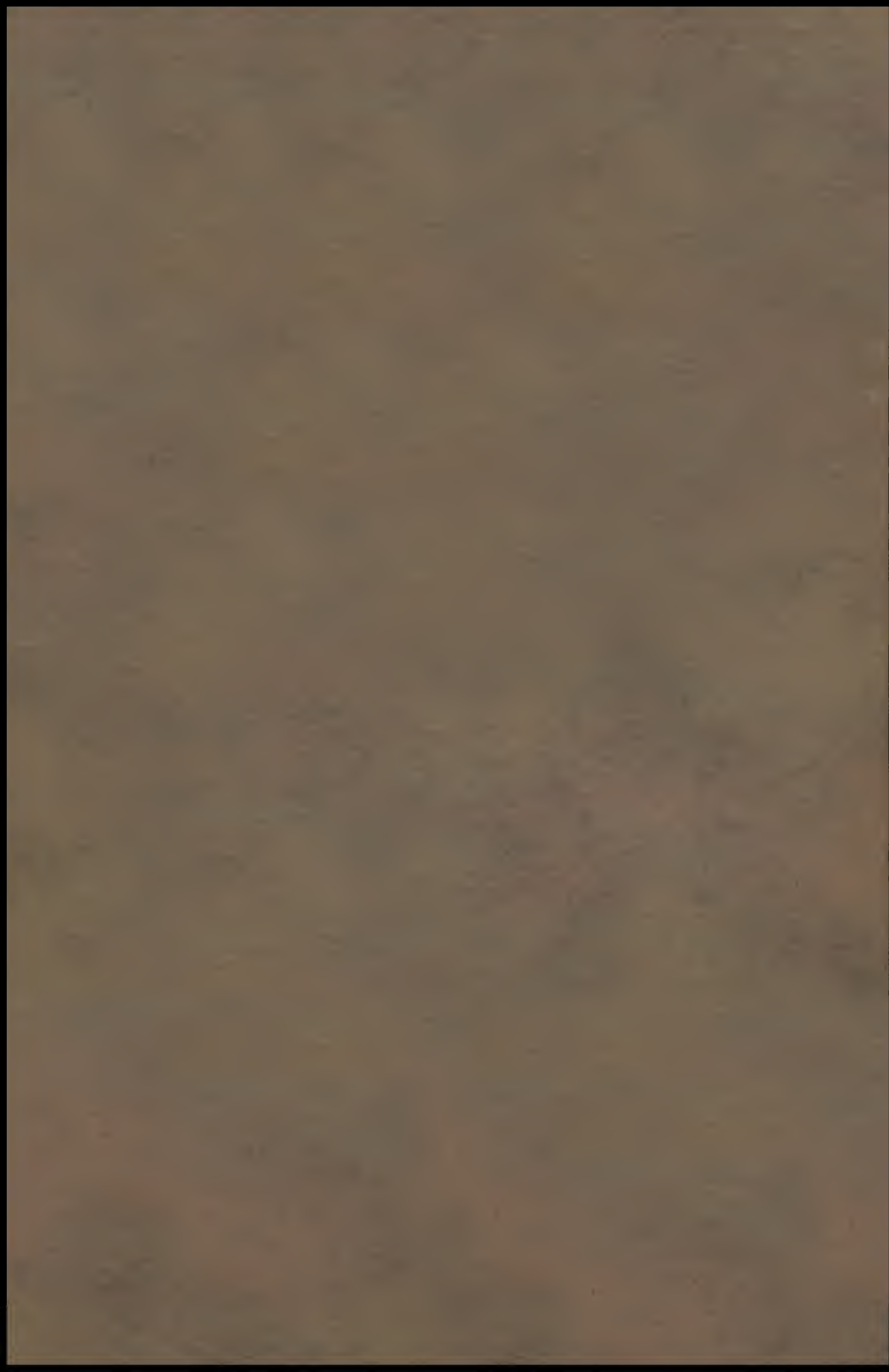




June Commencement Number
1923



Continue Your Education
in
Drake University

Summer School Opens June
11, 1923

Including the following colleges

Liberal Arts

Bible

Commerce and Finance

Education

Law

Institute of Fine Arts

Fall Semester
Opens September 26, 1923

Write for catalog of college in which you are
interested.

Credits earned at Drake University are ac-
cepted by all Standard Institutions.



Fine White Gold Bracelet Watches 15 to 17 Jeweled from \$15.00 to \$50.00. Accurate Timekeepers.

For Young Men. White, Green, or Regular Gold Watches, Fancy Dials. The Finest Up-to-Date Watches, from \$25.00 to \$50.00.

Beautiful Waldemar Chains and Knives and Belt Buckle Combinations. Prices Very Reasonable.

Arthur C. Hanger

Jeweler and Optometrist

526 East Locust Street

BICYCLES

MOTORCYCLES

*Build your vacation Radio Set
of high grade*

RADIO PARTS

Hi Frequency Will Help You in
Our Free Workshop

415 Eighth
Street

H. W. KING

Market
884

Cascade Laundry Company

Odorless Dry Cleaning

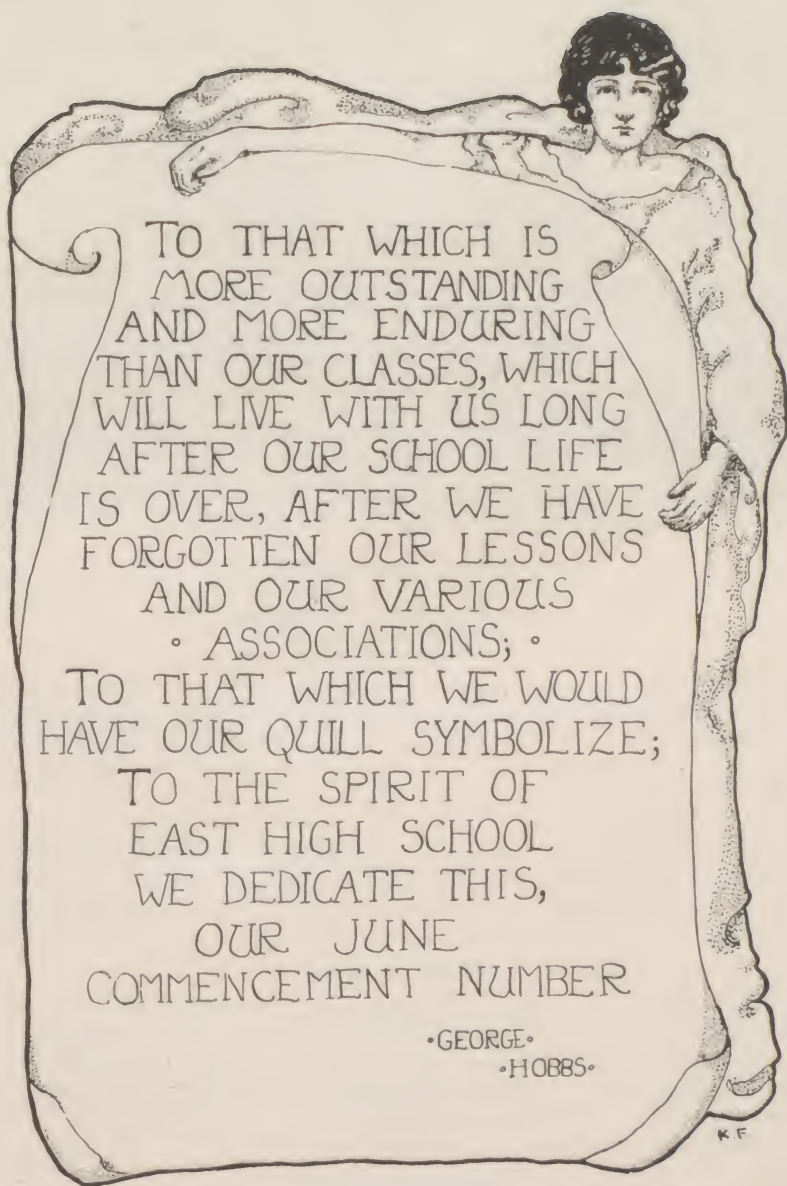
Phone Walnut 1245

13th and Grand Ave.



Single copy, 25 cents, except Commencement Number. Yearly, \$1 00.
Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1915, at the postoffice, Des Moines,
Iowa, under act of March 3, 1879.





TO THAT WHICH IS
MORE OUTSTANDING
AND MORE ENDURING
THAN OUR CLASSES, WHICH
WILL LIVE WITH US LONG
AFTER OUR SCHOOL LIFE
IS OVER, AFTER WE HAVE
FORGOTTEN OUR LESSONS
AND OUR VARIOUS

• ASSOCIATIONS; •

TO THAT WHICH WE WOULD
HAVE OUR QUILL SYMBOLIZE;
TO THE SPIRIT OF
EAST HIGH SCHOOL
WE DEDICATE THIS,
OUR JUNE
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

•GEORGE•

•HOBBS•

K F



Vol. XIX

DES MOINES, IOWA, JUNE, 1923

No. 3

Published by the Students of East High School

EDITORIAL STAFF

Associate Editor.....	Margaret Gruener
Literary.....	Kathleen Shreves, Margaret Gruener
What's Doing.....	Irene Packer, Warthen Hobbs
Organizations.....	Irene Densmore, Clarence Cosson
Athletics.....	Robert Young
Jokes.....	Katherine Fulton, Dorothy DeBie
Alumni.....	Dorothy Patterson, Dorothy Lozier
Exchange	Leon Levich
Art.....	Nels Johnson
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Snyder

SENIOR STAFF

Mildred Crowe	Earl Patterson	Marion Akerson
Sarah Early	Emory Pearson	Blanche Anderson
John Harper	Helen Scott	Evelyn Anderson
Letha Hostetter	Mardis Thompson	Linnea Bengston
Helen Lightfoot	Everett Wadsworth	Lillian Buckles
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Gabriel	

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....	Ray Shaw
Circulation Manager.....	Verne DeVine
Advertising Manager.....	Leon Levich
Stenographer.....	Florence McGaffey
Bookkeeper.....	Gladys Close
Faculty Adviser.....	Mr. Jencks



Contents



	Page
Autographs	3
Dedication	5
Staff Page	6
Contents	7
Editorials	9
Senior Section	11- 55
Among Us Mortals.....	55
The Whole Year Through.....	73
Literary	75
What's Doing	89
Athletics	97
Banter	103



Mr. Burton



Editorial



ON WASTE OF TIME

Did you ever stop to think of the remarkable waste of time occasionally caused in East High? I refer to those assemblies where about two-thirds of the audience isn't paying any attention, and the other third might as well not be.

There is at least one of these assemblies each semester. Approximately two thousand students are there. The minimum time is never less than one half hour. This makes one thousand hours or forty-one and two-thirds days. Almost six weeks, over a month! And all in one short half hour. Perhaps it might also be wise to add the ten or fifteen minutes occupied in writing this!

SPRING FEVER

Have you ever noticed how the grades begin to drop during the month of April? At this time every year there are certain students who have an attack of spring fever and take about two months to recuperate. With these students, the only thing that will cure their illness is the amputation of school and this is done during the first part of June. After recovering from the shock of the amputation the students regain their health rapidly and by the next September are in a state to have another school installed.

There is also another manner in which spring fever attacks, very different and much more satisfactory. Those who contract this form of disease will show the following symptoms: willingness to work and to do it well, all work in on time, present each day, on time each day, always cheerful with the faculty; for one or more of the following reasons: They are A. Seniors, the appearance of the number five on their last cards, the arrival of a yellow card at home, a talk with one of the faculty, or because they just can't let such beautiful days go by without doing something worth while by which they can be remembered.

—George Hobbs.

TRAFFIC

In every small town, even in those consisting only of a filling station and a grocery store, there is a sign in the middle of intersecting roads saying "Keep to the Right." In large towns and cities traffic policemen keep vehicles and pedestrians from interfering with each other. Yet in East High, where hundreds of people must move rapidly through narrow stairways and crowded halls, absolutely no traffic regulations are observed.

You start upstairs keeping carefully to the right and meet someone coming down sticking just as faithfully to the left. You round the head of the stairs in the approved fashion of keeping to the right and not cutting corners and meet some law breaker cutting cat-a-corner through both lines of traffic. Going down the hall on the proper side you meet someone who, of course, is on the wrong side. You both stop teetering helplessly from one post to the other and then break towards each other with a rush. There is a collision with broken spectacles, scattered books, and more or less sincere apologies as the outcome.



And so on through the list until every rule in the city ordinance is broken. If the students handled their cars down town as they do themselves in school, East High would be a deserted ruin. Everybody would be in jail.

—Helen Scott.

EAST HIGH NEEDS YOU, TOO

The boys and girls of East High today seem to lack something with which the boys and girls of yesterday seemed to be filled. The Spirit of East High, as it is shown in what the pupils do for the school is likely to perish entirely unless something is done to prevent it from dying.

At this time there are more students enrolled in East High than ever before, yet the number of students taking part in the school activities seems to be decreasing in proportion to the enrollment. This cannot go on if the school wishes to compete in any manner with the other schools of Des Moines. Next fall the two new High Schools will be open and East will have two more friendly enemies trying to keep her from being the best school in Des Moines.

The few students who are now engaged in keeping East High in first place among the schools of Des Moines need the help of every student in the school. It does not matter who you are, the school can use you and you can make yourself useful if you will but try. Columbus, Edison, Harding, Rockefeller, and thousands of other notables did not know that they could do what they did do, but they thought they could and kept trying until they succeeded. That is what every East High student should do; pick out something he thinks he can do, and would like to do, and then do it for East High.

—George Hobbs.

TWO BLACK BOOTS

Two black boots all floppy and wo'

Dise black boots!

Laws I'se seen 'em years ago

Dem black boots!

All the tops a floppin' too,

Dese hyah boots a squashin thoo

Floppin' evah time dey looks at you

Dese black boots!

Black boots! gray boots! all about

Dem black boots!

Den dey flopped de live long day

Floppin' in a floppish way

Evahbody have to say

"Don yo' laike ma boots?"

—With apologies to Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Seniors



H.J.

SENIOR PLEDGE

We are seniors here together
As happy as can be,
We've finished all our studies.
This makes us glad, you see.
Yes, we seniors are leaving.
How much we'd like to stay!
We cannot do each thing we want,
Our will is not our way.

We are seeing only sunshine,
Our fears we'll not confess,
We are living for the future
When we win a great success.
While we're foiling ever upward,
Our faces to the sun,
We'll raise our standards higher
For the life we've just begun.

Your warnings are of hardships,
Up the hill we have to climb,
Yet we'll climb it, oh, so slowly,
For we can't leave cares behind.
We'll have some stones to overturn,
Rough places it is true,
When we'll think of all the help we've had
From East High School and you.

We have sweet memories
Of many things you've done;
We hope to make a fair return;
Our gratitude you've won.
We'll do each task completely
And labor with good will;
We'll not be taking by-roads
To reach the summit of the hill.

Now, juniors, just before we leave
We make our plea to you:
Be true to all East High ideals,
Be fair in all you do.
"For the Service of Humanity"
Our happy lives we give,
To you, we pledge our courage
Ourselves, to work, to learn, to live.

—Lillian Buckles.

MARIAN FRANCES AKERSON "Cotton"

All signs of happiness and future prosperity are yours.

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22
Spanish Club '21 '22 '23
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Junior Quill '22
Senior Quill '23
Tennis Club '20 '21 '23

RUTH R. ALLSUP "Muth"

Your indomitable pluck will never say die.

BLANCHE ANDERSON "Henry"

The song of your life will echo in many places.

Shakespearean Club '22
Senior Quill '23

EVELYN LENORE ANDERSON "Eve"

Your natural thoroughness will influence your destiny; leave nothing to chance.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19 '20
Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23
Girl Reserves '19 '20 President '19 '20
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Orchestra '20 '21
Glee Club '20 '21 '22
Chorus '23
Senior Quill '23
May Music Festival '21
"Gypsy Rover" '23

ANNA BAEUMLER "Ann"

Your enemies are harmless.
Y. W. C. A. '20

GENEVA MARIE BAGG "Gene"

You will live your life with your children and always be young.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
Dramatic Club '22 '23

LORETTA BAKER "Bobby"

Every year will find you better off.

Y. W. C. A. '20
Girl Reserves '19 '20
Philomathean Literary Society '22
Shakespearean Club '22

JOSEPHINE E. BARR "Joe"

The forgetfulness of yourself will contribute to your happiness.

Student Council '23





MILDRED BARR

"Shorty"

The habit of getting all the happiness possible out of the present day will contribute to your future.

Student Council '21

LINNEA H. BENGSTON

"Bibbie"

Your ambitions will not be realized, but your happiness does not depend upon them.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23

Student Council '21

Latin Club '20 '21

Shakespearean Club '22 '23

Philomathean Literary Society '21 '22

'23, Secretary '22, President '23

Girls' Track Meet '20

Advanced Gym '22

Senior Quill '23

CLARA BERGMAN

"Clarine"

You will change your present ideas for better ones.

MARY ELIZABETH BERNER

"Betty"

Make your prize worthy of your game.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Y. W. C. A. '19 '20 '23

Shakespearean Club '22

FLOYD BLACKLEDGE

"Red"

You will marry because you are so companionable.

Spanish Club '22 '23

Shakespearean Club '22

LEONA I. BRACE

"Shortie"

You will have a humble but happy home.

French Club '21 '22

Spanish Club '22

Quill Stenographer '22

Girls' Track Meet '19

DOROTHY M. BRADBURY

"Dot"

Your love of ease will cost you much unhappiness.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

Y. W. C. A. '20 '21

MABEL M. BRADY

"Mabe"

Forget yourself utterly to win the thing you covet most.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

Normal Training Club '22 '23

ROBERT BRIGHTMAN

"Bob"

The brightest of futures will be yours.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '19

CLAUDE H. BROWN

"Brownie"

You will travel little but with keen appreciation.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '23
Latin Club '21
E Epi Tan '23
Tennis Club '22

GEORGE R. BRUCE

"Scotty"

Forming a certain friendship will bring you great happiness.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20

LILLIAN RUTH BUCKLES

"Budge"

Forgiving a certain person will bring you great happiness.

Y. W. C. A. '20 '21 '22 '23
Student Council '21 '22
Latin Club '20 '21
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Advanced Gym '22
Senior Quill '23

SUSAN BLANCHE BUDD

"Sue"

"Content is rich," says the Saxon proverb.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
Latin Club '21 '22
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '23

MARGARET S. BURGESS

"Mag"

You will be envied for your honorable name and position.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Y. W. C. A. '22
Normal Training Club '21 '22 '23, President '23

MARGARET LUCILLE CAIN

"Charlie"

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.

Latin Club '20
Life Saving '20

LUCILLE E. CAPLE

"Blondie"

Your ideals are too lofty for nature's daily food.

Student Council '23
Philomathean Literary Society '23





ALICE GERTRUDE CARLSON "Al"
Your life will be a kaleidoscope of happiness.

ALIVIA CARLSON "Olive"
You are too conscientious and too wary.

IDA A. CERVİ "Shorty"
You have a life that anyone would envy.
Y. W. C. A. '21
Latin Club '20 '21
Normal Training Club '21 '22 '23

DOYNE C. CHAMBERS "Dods"
You will rule by love.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Y. W. C. A. '21 '22
Student Council '20 '21
Latin Club '20 '21
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23

JAMES CHASTAIN "Jim"
Never give up, better times are coming.
E Epi Tan '20 '23, Secretary '20 '23
Track '21 '23
Swimming Team '23

DELLA CHIESA "Dale"
The events of your life will not be tragic.
Y. W. C. A. '20
Spanish Club '21 '22

GLADYS M. CLOSE "Gladdie"
You may look forward to the future fearlessly for it holds much happiness.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Latin Club '20
Philomathean Literary Society '23
Chorus '23
Quill '22 '23
Tennis Club '21 '22

CLARENCE COSSON "Lefty"
You will always take trouble for others.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Latin Club '21
E Epi Tan '22 '23
Basketball '21 '22 '23
Track '22
"The Gypsy Rover" '23
Debating Team '23
Extemporaneous Speaking Team '23
Quill Staff '23

CLIFFORD L. CRAM "Cramic"

You will realize your best ideals.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
 Spanish Club '22 '23
 Basketball '20 '21 '22

DOROTHY E. CRONLAND "Dotty"

Your well of happiness will always be overflowing.

Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
 Student Council '19 '20 '21 '22
 Dramatic Club '23
 Choral Club '19
 Senior Vaudeville '21

JABEZ CROOK "Jabe"

In all life's trouble your friends will be your comfort.

MARY LOUISE CROUSE "Mally"

*"And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all she knew."*

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
 Philomathean Literary Society '23
 Tennis Club '20 '21

MILDRED GRACE CROWE "Midge"

You will not have many flirtations because you are too conscientious.

Student Council '21
 Orchestra '20 '21 '22 '23
 Glee Club '21 '22
 Chorus '23
 Senior Quill '23
 May Music Festival '21
 "The Maid of France" '22
 "The Gypsy Rover" '23

DONALD L. DAILEY "Don"

In all your shrieks of fiendish agony never shriek for help.

Hi-Y '20 '21 '22 '23
 Student Council '20 '22
 Shakespearean Club '22 '23
 Forensic Club '21 '22 '23
 Swimming Team '23
 "Wonder Hat" '22
 "Pollyanna" '23

LOUIS R. DANES "Louie"

All the world will bow before you.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20
 Hi-Y '21 '22
 Student Council '21 '22 '23
 Forensic Club '21 '22
 Football '22
 Basketball '20 '21 '22 '23
 Track '22 '23
 Class Vice President '23

EUNICE MAE DARBY "Unuts"

You will never be rich, but you'll make the ends meet comfortably.

Y. W. C. A. '22
 Philomathean Literary Society '22
 Tennis Club '21 '22 '23





BEULAH GRACE DAVIS "Sis"
"Gather ye rosebuds while you may."
 Y. W. C. A. '23

LA VERNE G. DAVIS "La Bean"
*You will win by your merry temper and
 keep by your sweetness.*
 Student Council '21
 Dramatic Club '22 '23
 Senior Vaudeville '20

MARJORIE E. DAVIS "Peggy"
Your troubles are all past.

RUTH A. DAVIS "Davie"
What you have won you will keep.
 French Club '22

BERNICE DEBRUYN "Bunny"
*Your unflinching courtesy will be your
 best asset.*

HELEN M. J. DEHECK "Babe"
*Every one may count upon your sym-
 pathy.*
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '21
 Normal Training Club '22 '23

VELMA C. DELONG "Polly"
"Il faut bien passe le temps."
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
 Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
 Latin Club '21
 Life Saving '21 '22
 Tennis Club '22
 "Pollyanna" '23
 "The Gypsy Rover" '23

MARGARET DENNIS "Peggy"
*The best of your ambitions will be
 realized.*

BERNYCE DEVINE*"Nycie"**Your friends will go:**"Over the world and under the world
And back at the last to you."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
 Student Council '21 '23
 Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
 Shakespearean Club '22 '23
 Philomathean Literary Society '20
 Spanish Club '22
 Mixed Quartet '23
 Girls' Glee Club '21
 Chorus '23
 May Music Festival '21
 "Miss Civilization" '22
 "The Gypsy Rover" '23

VERNE DEVINE*"Bennie"**Never say "die."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19
 Hi-Y '21 '22 '23, Secretary '22 '23
 Student Council '23, President '23
 E. Epi Tan '21 '22, President '22
 Shakespearean Club '22 '23
 Spanish Club '21 '22
 Quill Staff '21 '22 '23
 Debating Team '23
 Basketball '22 '23
 Football '22
 "Miss Civilization" '22

HOMER W. DRIESSLEIN*"Bill"**You will travel widely in your own
country.*

Student Council '22
 Shakespearean Club '22
 Latin Club '21 '22
 Orchestra '21 '22 '23
 Band '21 '22 '23
 Tennis Club '22

EDLA L. DWYER*"Edd"**Better try to idealize the real than
realize your ideal.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '19 '22
 Dramatic Club '22 '23
 Shakespearean Club '22 '23
 Spanish Club '21 '22 '23
 Latin Club '19 '20
 Chorus Club '19

SARAH A. EARLY*"Sally"**Your pleasant dreams will all come
true.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Student Council '22
 Philomathean Literary Society '21 '22
 '23, Treasurer '22
 Shakespearean Club '23
 Senior Quill '23

ELRA EDGREN*"Et"**The habit of looking on the bright side
will contribute to your happiness.*

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22
 Latin Club '20 '21

VEDA L. ERWIN*"Ved"**Being a friend of all who suffer is your
excuse for living.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Student Council '22

PAULINE MARIE EVANS*"Shorty"**Your happy disposition will smooth the
rugged path of life.*

Tennis Club '21





HELEN LOUISE FORD "Henry"
*You will make your life happy out of
 any material at hand.*
 Student Council '22

IVAN FREDREGILL "Ivan-ho"
Don't fly too high, birds often fall.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Student Council '22

ROSAMOND C. FULMER "Rose"
*Be a jolly little pal
 Be a happy little friend
 The wealth you'll get from all of this
 Will be a happy end.*
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
 Glee Club '21 '22
 Tennis Club '21 '22
 Advanced Gym '22
 "The Gypsy Rover" '23

HELEN M. GARWOOD "Woody"
*Whether or not you have a happy
 home depends upon yourself.*
 Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23
 Philomathean Literary Society '22
 Dramatic Club '23
 Shakespearean Club '22
 Latin Club '21

HAZEL GARLAND "Duck"
Make the most and best of everything.
 Glee Club '21

KATHERINE FULTON "Kate"
*You will retain your good looks all
 your life.*
 Student Council '21
 Dramatic Club '21 '22, Treasurer '21,
 Vice President '22
 Spanish Club '22 '23
 Latin Club '21 '22, Secretary '21
 Quill Staff '23
 Junior Quill '22
 Girls' Declamatory Contest '22 '23
 "Lion and the Mouse" '21
 "Christmas Boxes" '21
 "Proposal Under Difficulty" '22

ALFRED H. GINSBERG "Al"
*Your troubles will vary inversely as
 your age.*
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '19 '20 '21
 Hi-Y '22
 Student Council '20
 Latin Club '20 '21 '22

ESTHER GINSBERG "Es"
*Your good nature will make happiness
 for others.*
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '22
 Shakespearean Club '22
 Swimming '21 '23
 Tennis Club '20 '21

PAUL W. GOODRICH

"Goody"

Self consciousness will cost you most unhappiness.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20
Hi-Y '22 '23, Treasurer '23
E Epi Tan '22 '23, Treasurer '22,
President '23
Latin Club '20 '21
Band '22
Swimming Team '23

AKSEL E. GRAVENGAARD

"Gravie"

Your life will have its ups and downs.

E Epi Tan '22 '23, President '23
"The Gypsy Rover" '23

JOHN GREEN

"Jimmy"

Each period of your life will have its peculiar satisfaction.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '20 '21 '22 '23
Student Council '21
Forensic Club '23

LAVERNE GREENLEE

"Ottis"

You are always ready to do one a good turn.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '20
Student Council '20 '21 '22
Tennis Club '20 '21 '22 '23, President '22
Golf Club '20 '21
Track '20
Swimming Team '23
Basketball '20 '21 '22 '23
Football '21 '22
"The Cool Collegians" '20
Class Advisory Board '23

BERNICE A. GRIFFITHS

"Jerry"

"More haste, less speed."

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Tennis Club '21 '22

EVERETT W. GUTH

"Ev"

You will recall with most pleasure at the end of your life the love you inspired.

Basketball '21 '22 '23

JOHN A. HALL

"Johnny"

*2 ys u r
2 ys u b;
I c u r
2 ys 4 me.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20
Hi-Y '22 '23
E Epi Tan '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '23
Football '23

ROBERT HANSEN

"Bob"

You will always be respected.





CLARA HARLAN

"Harley"

All your friends are lovers.
Spanish Club '22 '23

JOHN D. HARPER

"Fat"

The realization that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," will contribute to your future happiness.

Senior Quill '23.

CREOLA M. HARRIS

"Cre"

Your cheerful willingness will be an inspiration to others.

Latin Club '20 '21

LEONA HARTMAN

"Hearty"

Keep on trying to be what you are and you will succeed in life.

MARGUERITE HARTMAN

"Peg"

Your ambition is to belong to the crème de la crème.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23, President '22 '23

Dramatic Club '21 '22, Treasurer '22

Shakespearean Club '22

Spanish Club '23

Latin Club '21

Tennis Club '21

Life Saving '22

Extemporaneous Speaking Contest '23

Declamatory Contest '23

"Mask of the Two Strangers" '21

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." '22

"The Time of His Life" '22

"The Wonder Hat" '22

"Pollyanna" '23

WILLIAM R. HARTUNG

"Bill"

You will always look younger than you are.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Student Council '20

Forensic Club '22 '23

Swimming Team '21

"Maid of France" '23

"The Gypsy Rover" '23

Class Treasurer '23

GERTRUDE MARIE HARVEY

"Gertie"

Singing will bring you the most pleasure.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Latin Club '20 '21

Normal Training Club '22 '23

HERBERT H. HAUGE

"Herb"

Your desire to shine and outshine will bring you wealth.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Hi-Y '21 '22

Student Council '21 '23

Forensic Club '20 '21 '22

Band '20 '21 '22 '23

Orchestra '20 '21 '22 '23

Senior Vaudeville 20

May Music Festival 21

VIOLET JEWELL HEEFNER "Bidy"
If at first you dont succeed. try, try again.
 Glee Club '20
 Latin Club '21 '23

JESSIE L. HEENAN "Jess"
You will outlive your friends.
 Philomathean Literary Society '22 '23
 Latin Club '21
 Normal Training Club '22 '23

JOSIE G. HEENAN "Jo"
You will share the fate of all—some good, some ill, will be spoken of you.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Student Council '22
 Philomathean Literary Society '22 '23
 Normal Training Club '22 '23

RUSSELL HESTON "Rus"
Your patient persistence will reward you in the end.
 Track '23

VIVIAN MARIE HILD "Viv"
Life will be a hard proposition but if you "chew" hard enough you will be successful.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
 Y. W. C. A. '20
 Student Council '22
 Latin Club '20 '21

KENNETH HILL "Kenny"
Extravagance will cost you most unhappiness.
 Football '22

WARTHEN L. K. HOBBS "Tubby"
You will be the literary "light" of the next century.
 Hi-Y '22 '23
 E Epi Tan '22 '23
 Swimming Team '22
 Golf '22 '23
 Basketball '22 '23
 Football '22
 Shakespearean Club '23, President '23
 Junior Quill '22
 Quill Staff '22 '23

RUTH EVANGELINE HOCKMUTH "Peggie"
You will be all in all to a few.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
 Normal Training Club '21 '22 '23





LETHA GAIL HOSTETTER

"Leth"

Your happiness demands too many conditions; study contentment.

Girl Reserves, '19
Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23, Treasurer '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '20 '21
Senior Quill '23
"Masque of the Two Strangers" '22
"Proposal Under Difficulties" '22
"Pollyanna" '23
Senior Play

THELMA HULETT

"T"

You will shine in your own coterie.

JAMES L. HULSE

"Jimmie"

Never stop "policing" for better things to do.

Student Council '22 '23, Vice President '23
Shakespearean Club '21 '22 '23
Spanish Club '21 '22
Debating Team '23

WILMA HELEN HUTTON

"Billy"

You will raise others by your example to higher ideals.

Y. W. C. A. '21
Student Council '20

IRENE INNIS

"Sally"

"Be true to the best that's in you."

Spanish Club '21 '22

DOROTHY E. IRWIN

"Curly"

You will be like a snail—carry your home with you, wherever you go.

Spanish Club '21 '22
Latin Club '19 '20
Advanced Gym '22

LOY S. ISEMINGER

"Icy"

You will be considered well preserved.

Band '20 '21 '22 '23
Chorus '23

ESTHER JEFFERSON

"Jeff"

"Penny wise and pound foolish" will be your motto.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Y. W. C. A. '22
Band '23
Chorus '22 '23
"The Gypsy Rover" '23

ALBERT JOHNSON

"Al"

*Keep your thoughts to yourself, for if
others know them they may cause
you trouble.*

ARCHIE JOHNSON

"A"

*Your high and mighty ideals will take
a royal fall.*

Student Council '20 '21 '22
Spanish Club '21
Basketball '21 '22
Track '20 '23
Football '20 '21 '22 '23

MAUDE E. JOHNSON

"Freckles"

Your dress will be your greatest anxiety.
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21 '22
Normal Training Club '22

NELS N. JOHNSON

"Nellie"

*Your studies will be of value to the
world.*

E Epi Tan '22 '23, Vice President '22,
President '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Basketball '21 '22 '23
Track '21 '22 '23
Debating Team '23
Quill Staff '22 '23

PEARL A. JOHNSON

"Aunt Jane"

*Don't play with fire, it will burn your
fingers.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21 '22
Normal Training Club '22

LOUISE A. KALOIDES

"Louie"

You will be envied for your talents.
Tennis Club '21

TINA A. KAUZLARICH

"Tiny"

*Use care and discretion in sowing seeds
for your life.*

WILLEAN A. KING

"Willie"

*Your life will always be happy and
serene.*

Latin Club '20 '21
Chorus '20 '21





HENRY J. KINLEY "Hank"
Outdoor sports will bring you the most pleasure.
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21 '22
 Hi-Y '21
 E Epl Tan '23
 Basketball '21

ISABELLE A. KIRTLEY "Issie"
You will always appear lovely to those who love you.

GLENN KNIPPER
 Not graduating

HAZEL O. LARSON "Larry"
Your life will be crowded with interests.
 Y. W. C. A. '23
 Shakespearean Club '22
 Latin Club '21

MARGARET D. LARSON "Margie"
No, indeed you will not be an old maid.

TED LARSON "Sonny"
Your wedding flowers are now in bud.
 Student Council '21 '22
 Track '20 '21 '22 '23
 Football '19 '20 '21 '22

MARGARET M. LEHMAN "Peggy"
Be a sunshiny presence wherever you go.

ROLLAND CLAUDE LEININGER "Rollie"
You will live in the suburbs of a large city.
 Band '23

M. HELEN LIGHTFOOT

"Judy"

You will realize your ideals little by little.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23, Treasurer '23
Student Council '20 '21
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23, Secretary '22
Spanish Club '21 '22 '23
Latin Club '20 '21
Tennis Club '20
"Masque of the Two Strangers" '21
Senior Quill '23

DOROTHY R. LOFQUIST

"Dot"

Your beauty will bring you much glory.

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23
Student Council '23
Spanish Club '22
Latin Club '21 '22

DOROTHY LOWMAN

"Dot"

Your social position will always be respectable.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Spanish Club '22
Tennis Club '22

HELEN LOUISE MCCOY

"Mac"

You will never hang out the yellow flag as a signal of distress.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23, Vice President '22,
Secretary '23
Shakespearean Club '22
Dramatic Club '23
Tennis Club '22

FLORENCE M. MCGAFFEY

"Flossie"

You will make many unimportant journeys.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19 '20
Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
Student Council '21 '22
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23, President '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23, Secretary '23
Latin Club '21
Quill Stenographer '23

VERA MCNERNEY

"Pete"

Where you pull up a weed you will plant a flower.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Latin Club '20 '21
Tennis Club '21

MARION D. MALLY

"Cap"

"Day by day in every way, you are getting taller and taller."

Student Council '20 '21
Spanish Club '22
Basketball '21 '22
Glee Club '20 '21
Chorus '20 '21

LEAH MATOSOFF

"Mat"

In a few years you will take a long journey, probably to Europe.





GEORGE W. MATTERN "Slippery Lids"

Frank honesty will be your most attractive quality.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '19 '20
Student Council '22
E Epi Tan '20
Shakespearean Club '23
Spanish Club '21 '22
Basketball '20
Football '21

EFFIE M. MILLER "Millie"

Your life will be full of sunshine.

WENDELL MILLIGAN "Slim"

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

LOLITA C. MITCHELL "Lolly"

As long as you live you will never lack friends.

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23, President '22
Student Council '21
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Philomathean Literary Society '21
Shakespearean Club '23
Latin Club '21
Tennis Club '22 '23
Glee Club '22
Chorus '23
Advanced Gym '21 '22
"Pollyanna"

RICHARD NEEB "Richie"

Keep trying and you will succeed.

VIDA NEELAND "Dimples"

After you have learned the art of home-making you will be familiar with many lands.

Y. W. C. A. '22
French Club '22

HOWARD N. NEELY "Sailor"

You will be a regular globe trotter.

Student Council '20 '21 '22
Basketball '18

CARL J. NELSON "Nell"

Some day you will be a senior champion.

Spanish Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '22 '23
Basketball '21 '22 '23

RACHEL NEWMAN

"Shorty"

Your future life will be a life of happiness and ease.
Advanced Gym '22

HELEN I. NORMAN

"Mable"

You seem to have a wandering spirit, but you will settle down eventually.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Spanish Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '23
Band '23
Orchestra '23

HARRY O'BOYLE

"Irish"

You may throw off your friends like a traveler his pack, For you know when you will, You can whistle them back.

Basketball '23
Football '19 '20 '21 '22
Track '23

EDNA MARGARET OLSON

"Ed"

Your sense of loyalty to what is best will bring you praise.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

IRENE PACKER

"Donnie"

Who will make the Freshman laugh now—and drive away the blues.

Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '23
Quill Staff '23
Junior Quill '22
"Miss Civilization" '22
"A Proposal Under Difficulties" '22

VIRGINIA A. PATERSON

"Jinny"

Your life will always bring you happy notes.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Student Council '20
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Latin Club '21 '23
Girls' Glee Club '21 '22
Orchestra '22 '23
Chorus '20 '22 '23
May Music Festival '22
"The Gypsy Rover" '23

DOROTHY H. PATTERSON

"Pat"

Your own little world will applaud you.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Student Council '21
Philomathean Literary Society '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
French Club '22
Tennis Club '21
Quill Staff '22 '23
Class Advisory Board '23

EARL R. PATTERSON

"Pat"

Too much patience is your greatest liability.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19 '21
Hi-Y '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '23
Latin Club '21
Senior Quill '23





EMORY PEARSON

"Rudolf"

You will always want something else.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19

Hi-Y '21 '22 '23

Student Council '20

E Epi Tan '21 '22 '23

Latin Club '21

Basketball '23

Band '21 '22 '23

Orchestra '22 '23

Debating Team '23

Senior Quilt '23

ROBERTHA PETERSON

"Bert"

Find the needy ones and serve them well.

Latin Club '21

RUTH A. PFUND

"Slim"

Your friends will care for you because of your sunshiny disposition.

LILLIAN H. PIERSON

"Lil"

You will attain your highest position by your personal qualities.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23

French Club '21

JEANNETTE I. POLLARD

"Jean"

You will have grave fears for a time, but all will turn out well in the end.

Y. W. C. A. '21 '22

Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23

Tennis Club '22

NORMAN C. POWELL

Your present days are hard for you, but you will reap a golden harvest in later years.

JAMES D. RANSOM

"Red"

You will realize your greatest ideal.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

LULU M. RAWLINS

"Lu"

As your charms of person and disposition will grow stronger.

Spanish Club '23

Tennis Club '22 '23

Advance Gym '23

ANNA C. RAYNES

"Babe"

"East or west, home is best."

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23

Dramatic Club '23

Chorus '19 '20

REUBEN J. REDMAN

"Regon"

*Work while you care,
Learn while you may,
But never put off a thing until another
day.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19

Hi-Y '22 '23

Shakespearean Club '22

Football '23

MARVIN A. ROCHO

"Slim"

You will be familiar with many lands.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '23

Student Council '21

Basketball '21 '22 '23

Swimming Team '21

LEOLA M. ROCKHOLZ

"Ola"

*You will never have a red letter in your
bank account.*

Philomathean Literary Society '22

Tennis Club '20 '21

Life Saving '21

Girls' Glee Club '20 '21 '22

Orchestra '20 '21 '22

May Music Festival '20

LEONA M. ROCKHOLZ

"Ona"

*A twin you are
A twin you'll always be
But never get too far away
Across the briny sea.*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23

Student Council '19 '20

Philomathean Literary Society '20 '21
'22 '23

French Club '21 '22

Latin Club '22 '23

Tennis Club '20 '21

Life Saving '21

Glee Club '20 '21 '22 '23, President '22

Orchestra '19

May Music Festival '21

FRANK ROGERS

"Hank"

You will always be rich in love.

ROSE ROMANO

"Shorty"

*You will be happy when you have
learned a little philosophy in trifles.*

HAZEL A. ROSBOROUGH

"Hazelbug"

*Not until you conquer your frivolity will
you be successful.*





DORIS ROSTBERG

*You will soon know what the future
holds for you.*
Latin Club '22

LUTHER J. ROTHFUS

"Lut"

You are so comfortable to live with.
Basketball '21
Track '23

SHERMAN RUDSTON

"Shrimp"

*You will go through many emotions no
matter what happens.*
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '20 '21 '22 '23
Basketball '21 '22 '23
Football '22
Track '22 '23

HELEN L. RUNDBERG

"Rundy"

You will type your way to success.

MILDRED SAMSON

"Mid"

*Your nimble wit will win you considera-
tion of strangers.*
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Y. W. C. A. '21 '22 '23
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '29

IRENE SANDELIN

"Enie"

*"Give to the world the best you have,
and the best will come back to you."*
Y. W. C. A. '23
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Spanish Club '22 '23

EDYTHE LOUISE SARGENT

"Ed"

*Your expression will always give charm
and interest to your face.*
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Latin Club '20 '21

RUTH J. I. SCHOEN

"Shane"

*Every day will increase people's affec-
tion for you.*
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Tennis Club '21 '22
Advanced Gym '22

ETHEL SCHREINER "Ets"

*Your life will be one of leading others.
Be a good example for your followers.*

Spanish Club '22 '23
Chorus '22 '23
"Gypsy Rover" '23

HAROLD SCHWARTZ "Warts"

Your name will be known internationally.

HELEN M. SCOTT "Shorty"

Your money will bring you the most anxiety.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
French Club '22
Spanish Club '23
Latin Club '19 '20
Orchestra '19 '20
Junior Quill '22
Senior Quill '23

IRVING J. SHAMES "Soup"

"A penny saved, is a penny gained."

Band '21 '22
Orchestra '22

CHARLES SHANE "Chuck"

Love in a cottage will be your good future.

Student Council '21 '22
E Epi Tan Vice President '22
Shakespearean Club, Vice President '22
Debating Team '22
Extemporaneous Team '22
"The Cool Collegians" '20
"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." '22

RAYMOND E. SHAW "Ray"

Your friends will care for you because of your loyalty.

Hi-Y '21 '22 '23, President '22 '23
Student Council '21 '22
Forensic Club '21 '22 '23, President-elect '22
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Latin Club '21 '22, Vice President '21, President '22
Debating Team '23
Golf Team '20 '21 '22 '23
Golf Club '20 '21
Basketball '20
"Maid of France"
"Gipsy Rover"
Quill Staff '22 '23
Senior Class President '23

MINNIE SHNEIDER "Min"

All your clouds will have a silver lining.

Student Council '22
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22
Latin Club '21
"Mask of the Two Strangers" '21
"Wonder Hat" '22

CHARLES SHOPE "Chuck"

Your reliability is sufficient to bring you fame.

Student Council '21 '22





GRETCHEN SIMMS

"Gretchy"

"The world will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself."

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Student Council '20 '21 '22
Class Secretary '23

GLENN B. SIMPSON

"Simp"

Your friends will be few but true.

Hi-Y '23
Student Council '22
Shakespearean Club '23
E Kpi Tan '23
Basketball '21 '22 '23
Junior Quill '22

LENORA SMITH

"Red"

Life will be your finest schoolmate.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Philomathean Literary Society '22 '23
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '22
Glee Club '22
Chorus '22

GLADYS SPRINKLE

"Gladdie"

Your love of admiration will cause you the most unhappiness.

Y. W. C. A. '20 '21
Latin Club '20 '21

STUART STEBBINGS

"Stew"

Opportunity will not pass you by.

RUTH E. STENSTROM

"Shorty"

Loyalty to what is best will constitute your just claims to be loved.

Student Council '23
Dramatic Club '21 '22 '23
Choral Club '20 '21
Tennis Club '20 '21

F. IRENE STOREY

"Kiddy"

You will be known for your literary works.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Student Council '21 '23, Secretary-Treasurer '23
Philomathean Literary Society '21 '22 '23, President '22
Shakespearean Club '21 '22 '23, Secretary-Treasurer '22
Tennis Club '22

FERN M. STRAIN

"Peggy"

In spite of your shyness you will have social success.

RUTH H. SWANSON "Ruthy"
Your happiness will rank above the average lot.
 Student Council '21
 Dramatic Club '23

RACHEL THOMAS "Shorty"
Over-indulgence of luxuries will have its effect upon you.

MARDIS I. THOMPSON "Tommie"
Make the most and best of every day and the future will take care of itself.
 Hi-Y '23
 Student Council '23
 Spanish Club '22 '23
 Forensic Club '23
 Stage Electrician '23
 Senior Quill '23

ELEANOR THOMSON "El"
The world will honor you after you have ceased to care about it.
 Dramatic Club '23
 Spanish Club '23, Secretary '23
 Shakespearean Club '23

MARY E. TYLER "Mig"
You will have your entrée where you please.
 Y. W. C. A. '23

EGBERT VANDER LINDEN "Pete"
Quick temper will break your crystal detector. Beware!
 Hi-Y '23.
 E Epi Tan '23
 Basketball '20
 Football '21

EVA MARIE VOYCE "Bobbie"
Experience will be your best teacher.

LILLIAN MAYE WADSTROM "Lilliams"
You will resemble your ideal.
 French Club '22





EVELETT WADSWORTH "String Bean"

You will always have WELCOME on your door mat.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20 '21
Hi-Y '22 '23
Basketball '21
Football '21 '22
Track '21 '22
Senior Quill '23

IRENE C. WEBER

"I"

The consecration of your powers and influence will bring you the greatest happiness.

Tennis Club '21

DOROTHY HELEN WHITESEL

"Dot"

You will be plucky to the last, nothing will daunt you.

Student Council '21 '22
Dramatic Club '22 '23, Secretary '22,
Vice President '23
Philomathean Literary Society '21 '22
Tennis Club '20 '21
Quill Staff, '21 '22

DAISY J. WILLIAMS

"Dais"

Your greatest scientific discoveries will bring you financial success.

Student Council '23
Normal Training Club '22 '23

MARIE WISDOM

"Fat"

You will always sympathize with those who grieve and laugh with those who laugh.

Y. W. C. A. '22 '23
Student Council '21
Shakespearean Club '22 '23

LAVERN G. WITMER

"Arby"

Your reliability will contribute just claims for a long and happy life.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19
Hi-Y '21 '22 '23
Student Council '21
Forensic Club '22 '23
Tennis Club '22
Spanish Club '21 '22
Orchestra '20 '21
Band '20 '21 '22
Basketball '20 '21 '22 '23

ROBERT ARTHUR WOOD

"Bob"

Winning the friendship of a great man will alter your whole life.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Hi-Y '22 '23
Student Council '22
Shakespearean Club '22 '23
E Epi Tan '22 '23

ROBERT VERNON YOHE

"Bob"

You will be hard to please.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Hi-Y '21 '22 '23
Student Council '21 '23
French Club '22
Shakespearean Club '22 '23, Vice President '23
E Epi Tan '21 '22, Vice President '23
Band '22 '23
Orchestra '23
"The Gypsy Rover" '23

RALPH CARLSON

"Red"

You will never be very rich nor very poor.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19
Track '19

MABLE IRENE WARNER

"Mab"

Whether or not your ambitions will be realized depends upon what you are.

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21
Girl Reserves '20
Philomathean Literary Society '21
Dramatic Club '22 '23
Quill Staff '21
Junior Quill '22
Senior Quill '23





THE SENIOR CLASS WILL

This is the last and only will of us, the East High Senior Class of 1923, who, feeling that we are not as yet ready for solitary confinement in a padded cell at Clarinda, Mount Pleasant, Independence or Cherokee, Iowa, United States of North America; admitting, notwithstanding, however, that we are somewhat weakened in body and spirit, nevertheless declare, supplicate, and desire the following disposition of such of our property as has not heretofore been deposited on the underneath side of desks or in the book-room:

1. Six cafeteria knives, carried off at various times by Glenn Simpson, are left to Claude "Loud-Mouth" Biddle.
2. The fiery ambition of George Mattern is willed to Homer Krueger.
3. The motherly ways of Marguerite Hartman are willed to Gretchen Geyer on condition that she protect Harold Garwood during the remainder of his High School career.
4. James Hulse wills his skill in antiseptic dancing to Oscar Peterson.
5. Paul Goodrich's, Harry O'Boyle's, and Archie Johnson's sweaters are left to the trophy case to keep their memories green.
6. "Slim" Ginsberg wills his picture to the science classes as a further proof of the Darwinian theory.
7. Irene Packer bequeaths her two latest novels, "The Soul of the Violin" and "In the Days of Poor Robert," to Eleanor Burton.
8. Emery Pearson's bell-bottom trousers and cake-eater hat are left to Lee Lindblom, while his soap-box speeches go to Corwin Redman.
9. The Senior girls generously donate their dates with Mr. Pickett to the Dromedary Company.
10. Charles Shane wills his shell-rimmed dimmers, along with a cake of Bon Ami, for cleansing purposes, to Margery Mathis.
11. John Green's permanent siege of lockjaw is bequeathed to Joe Dailey.
12. Nels Johnson's extreme caveman tactics when around the girlies, along with his faithful Ingersoll timepiece, are donated to Harvey Inman.
13. Vivian Hild wills two sticks of Juicy Fruit, one-half a stick of Black Jack, and one package of Spearmint, along with her chewing ability, to Lois Louise Thornburg.
14. Louis Danes' miraculous senior pictures plus his athletic proficiency are willed to Raymond Love.
15. The Senior Classes' remarkable ability in attaining such excellent grades in Woolley tests is willed to the Junior Classes.
16. LaVerne Greenlee leaves his knack at beating carpets and sawing wood in the back yard to Robert Wood.
17. Robert Yohe's Love-cult, consisting of three flappers, two vamps, and one sheba, is willed to Holon Matthews.
18. Benny DeVine's kiddy-car, tricycle, scooter, and roller-skates, all in excellent condition, are willed to Marion Rice.
19. President Raymond Reginald Cyrus Alphonzo Percy Shaw wills his well axle-greased marcel which has cost him and many young ladies so much worry to Dick Jaeger.
20. Clarence Cosson's stove, goggles, small ears, and prominent feet are willed to Charles Leslie Brockett.
21. Letha Hostetter's new gray funeral cloak, her famous purple hat, and her record for perfect attendance at school are kindly donated to Wilma Helstrom,



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

LaVerne Greenlee, *Advisory Board*
 Louis Danes, *Vice-President*
 William Hartung, *Treasurer*

Gretchen Simms, *Secretary*
 Raymond Shaw, *President*
 Dorothy Patterson, *Advisory Board*

22. Don Daley's Theda Bara eyes, along with his perfect English grades, are willed to Lillian Bradley.

23. The part in Bill Hartung's hair, which reminds us of an alley through a vacant lot, is generously donated to Edna Pearson.

24. Evelyn Anderson's newly established eyebrows and gift of gab are handed down to Craig McKee.

25. Bernice DeVine's Marian Davies locks, Galli Curci voice, and Gloria Swanson eyes are willed to Letha Hunter.

26. Kathryn Cosson is left Lolita Mitchell's fondness for Grey.

27. Claude Brown's jolly d'sposition is bequeathed to Virgil Kaufman.

28. Helen Lightfoot's box of blonde powder goes to Bessy Rubenstein.

29. Warthen Hobbs and Edla Dwyer will their interpretation of the Argentine tango to John Woodmansee and Eleanor Cosson.

30. In case that Francis Joseph might go on another all-night swimming trip, Carl Nelson wills him his last bottle of hair-oil.

31. LaVerne Whitmer's striking dancing pose is willed to the Majestic Theater.

We appoint as executors of this, our last and only will and testament:

A. J. Burton,

A. G. Hostetter,

and instruct them to conduct proper obsequies over our shadowy remains and also to make the foregoing disposition of our properties and rites.

Witnesses:

Allan Peterson,

Earl F. Wisdom.

Signed:

Senior Class E. H. S. '23



SONG OF THE SENIORS

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions?
With a feeling of true school life,
Our school life with all its worries,
Our school life with all its trials,
Just as friends should talk to others
I should answer, I should tell you:

First of all about our school time,
Just as things were at dear East High,
Crowded East High full of students,
Eager just to learn their lessons,
Do their duties, have their pleasures.
To begin with, we, the seniors,
Came to East High, school of all schools,
In the year of nineteen-nineteen.
Came there just as greenest freshmen,
Came to find ourselves made fun of
By the older high school students.
They all told us of the things like
Elevators to ride up on;
Told us where to buy our tickets.
And they told us all such nonsense
Just as we now tell the freshmen
Who have lately come among us.
We were surely green as freshmen
But we rarely would admit it.
Truly we were now big pupils
Of a high school, the best high school.
We had come from different grade-schools
Where our work we had completed;
Where we'd done our very best work,
Won our honors, earned our credits.
So we came up to East High School
Feeling old and full of wisdom;
But the honest fact admitted:
We were young and rather foolish.
We soon then became accustomed
To the routine of our school life.
That was when the one-day session
Was in force and we all had to
Stay for classes eight full periods;
But we liked it, we can tell you
And we all just worked like Trojans.
Summer came and we again passed:
Then we all were stately soph'mores,
Very dignified and lofty.
When to school we came the next fall
We at once began our duties,
Chose our studies and our teachers.
Then we felt as big as seniors.

The Quill

We worked hard all through the long year
Had our tests and had our trials;
Got acquainted with the "pink slips,"
Got acquainted with a teacher
The vice-principal Mr. Warren,
Him with all the funny stories
That he told at our assemblies.
Then the next year when we entered
All as juniors, we began our
Third great year of high school routine.
Themes and essays—we did write them.
They were difficult but we all
Struggled through them rather bravely.
At the end we earned our credits
Just as we had done beforetime.
Then the last year finally came 'round.
'Twas the year we all had longed for.
'Twas the last year in East High School.
Now that year has almost passed and
Downward through our school-life twilight
Are those days that we remember.
Shall remember all our lifetime.
We are sorry to be leaving
This dear school and friends behind us,
Many friends and all the teachers,
They who took an interest in us,
Coached us, helped us while they tried us.
While they tested out our talents,
(If there were such things within us).
Now on eve of our departure
From our school life to the future,
(What it holds—we are uncertain).
We all want to tell you frankly
That we've all had our work and pleasures,
Had our gay times and our hardships,
That we've all enjoyed the four years
That we've spent with our companions
Whom we now will leave behind us.
Thank you, teachers, for your kindness,
For your patience ever toward us;
Though at times we thought you gave us
Hardest lessons you could think of,
We have learned and now we realize
That it was for our own welfare,
For our good and for our future.
Thus depart the group of seniors,
Seniors of the class of June eight,
Nineteen hundred twenty-three.
All the seniors, large and small ones,
In the graduation glory.
Into mists of unknown future,
Known, perhaps, but still uncertain
What it holds for each among them.

—Blanche M. Anderson.



REMINISCENCE

It is said that old men and women have a peculiar fondness for indulging in reminiscences in which they endlessly review the fortunes and misfortunes, incidents and accidents of their lives. The following sketches were written by seniors who, though not yet infirm with age, have lived through four years of high school and have acquired enough experiences to furnish material for many reminiscences.

MORE FUN

Do you remember the time we went to Sioux City and it rained and we didn't play? I followed the team that time and stayed at the hotel with it. In the morning when we came down for breakfast, we saw a couple of the boys listening to another one who was telling them about the night before.

It seemed that one of the boys could do wonders when he was asleep. That night he had talked incessantly and had come to the climax by leaping from the back of the bed to the center of the floor, where, assuming a defensive attitude, he issued a challenge in the name of Jack Dempsey.

On our way home, he got started again and kept up a monologue:

"Cliff! Oh, Cliff! None of your business."

"Harry, you'd better shave. You're going to get pinched for Dutch Cross some day."

"Malcolm's a funny guy, isn't he. He never gets mad."

"Pat's a good scout, too."

"Ted Larson, ha, ha, ha! The champion cake-eater of East High. Old Ted and his burlap suit, ha, ha, ha!"

By this time, we were in spasms of laughter, as was he, although he was asleep. However, he went on to say: "Can I pour ink in this girl's boot?" Then he called his English teacher several times.

"The meeting will now come to order. We'll have the minutes of the last meeting read," and then in a lower tone, "Bunk!"

He must have thought he was Jack Dempsey for he made several passes to the boys across from him. Later, after telling his sergeant to get his hair cut, he threw an arm around even-tempered Malcolm and quieted down.

—Warthen Hobbs.

MY RISE TO GLORY

What a wonderful transformation can take place in the space of a few minutes! One can be lifted from a very trifling plane to heights sublime. Two years ago, when I was just a very ordinary sophomore—far below my present dignified status—I was sitting in a study hall trying to prove that angle ABC=angle EDB. Suddenly the desk telephone rang lustily and the teacher in charge informed me that Miss Corey wished to see me for a few minutes, in the assembly room. I hurried excitedly down the stairs and found Miss Corey awaiting me with an important looking book in her hand. She smilingly informed me that she wanted me to try for a part in the community play. I complied and in a few minutes unsteadily made my way up to the study hall with Miss Corey's promise ringing in my ears. As I re-entered the study hall I felt a thrill of importance. Ahem! I would show those juniors and seniors a few things. I again labored over my angles ADE and DEB they gradually faded away and in their place I saw a brightly lighted stage—thousands of eyes watching with approval in their depths—bursts of applause—bouquets thrown over the footlights—

—Katherine Fulton.



MY FIRST APPEARANCE

How well I remember the thrill I received when I first made my appearance before the whole school. Mr. Dougan, the musical director, had informed me that I was to play a solo for an assembly on the coming Friday. Although feeling very proud that I had been asked to appear before such a vast critical audience, I fairly shook at the thought of having to walk across the immense platform.

The time came. I was waiting in the ante-room for the signal that was to summon me to make my impressive debut before the teachers and students of East High School. My heart fairly thumped out loud and so afraid was I that the audience could hear it, I did not realize that I was on the platform and was now facing my fate, until I heard my accompanist give the introduction.

The tremolando in my solo came very naturally, for my fingers shook, unaided. Bravely I scaled the finger board, striking the right note every once in a while, but more often rendering parts of the piece I myself had never practiced. However, I had presence of mind to know when to stop, but, unlike the finale of an overture, my last note faded with me into the ante-room, from which I returned directly to favor my audience with an encore, which I had not expected to play, but for which I had nevertheless prepared.

—Mildred Crowe.

A FOOTBALL GAME

There is one particular football game that I shall never forget. It is the game that was played between East High and Spirit Lake in 1922.

Everything seemed to be going against East. There did not seem to be any pep in the fellows on the team. They worked as individuals and not as a team.

The first quarter ended with no score, but in the second quarter East finally made a touchdown, but failed to make the extra point. The game then drifted along with no more scores at the end of the third quarter.

About the middle of the last quarter, East High was just about to score another touchdown. The play was called, a smash through the right side of the line. It seemed as though the ball was over the line, when all at once out of the pile-up ran a Spirit Lake man with the ball; there had been a fumble. He ran the length of the field for a touchdown. Spirit Lake kicked goal. The score then stood 7 to 6 in favor of Spirit Lake.

Spirit Lake kicked off to East. The ball was worked to Spirit Lake's forty-yard line. The referee announced that there were two minutes left to play. By a series of short passes the ball was taken to Spirit Lake's twenty-yard line. With perhaps forty seconds to play, a drop kick was called. East's fullback stepped back and sent the ball sailing directly between the bars for three points, thus winning the game.

—Louis Danes.

THE END OF ONE FRESHMAN'S DREAMS

All freshmen have their ideals typified more or less in dignified seniors and I was not out of the ordinary for I thought the senior class president was just perfect and my thoughts perhaps account for what happened one day.

I was walking down the hall, not realizing that a stairway was at the end, until my foot descended into space and I went sprawling down a whole flight of stairs. But my ideal was not waiting at the bottom—instead, a grinning freshman boy.

He kindly helped me to my feet but I was so mortified that I hurried away without even thanking him. I assure you that I was never again troubled with day-dreams of the handsome senior class president for I had bruised reminders of my fall for many days after.

—Anonymous.



A. Fulton



Russell As You Were



Lillian



Lillian



- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Katherine Fulton | 8 Lillian Fulton | 15 Richard Fulton |
| 2 Lillian Fulton | 9 Margaret Fulton | 16 Lillian Fulton |
| 3 Lillian Fulton | 10 Ethel Fulton | 17 Lillian Fulton |
| 4 Lillian Fulton | 11 Lillian Fulton | 18 Lillian Fulton |
| 5 Lillian Fulton | 12 Lillian Fulton | 19 Lillian Fulton |
| 6 Lillian Fulton | 13 Lillian Fulton | 20 Lillian Fulton |
| 7 Lillian Fulton | 14 Lillian Fulton | 21 Lillian Fulton |

Lillian



Lillian



Lillian



Lillian



Lillian



CLASS PROPHECY

Time: Afternoon in June, 1943.

Place: East High Auditorium:

(Curtain rises.)

(Mardis Thompson, Robert Yohe, and Paul Goodrich are on the stage standing around the desk, which is at the center and front of the stage. Mardis and Paul are thanking Robert for his speech and wishing him all good luck.)

Mardis: We have greatly enjoyed your speech, Mr. Yohe; as principal of East High I want to thank you and wish you all success.

Robert: Thank you, Mr. Thompson. If I am elected to Congress I will do my best to represent you.

Paul: Just think, Bob, only twenty years ago we were classmates in East High!

Robert: Say, do you remember Louis Danes? He was the chauffeur who brought me over this morning.

Paul: And La Vern Witmer? I wish I had some mathematics students in my classes such as he used to be. Poor fellow, he is hauling ashes at the gas plant.

Mardis: Yes, poor fellows. But some of our classmates have become internationally famous. Emory Pearson, for instance. It has been twelve years since I've seen him. I wonder what became of Egbert Vander Linden?

Robert: Pete? Why, he is rich now. He is one of those fat manufacturers. He made all his money on radio material.

Paul: Speaking of rich men, how about Warthen Hobbs and Donald Dailey? Their dairy is the biggest in three counties. And Charles Shane is washing milk cans for them. Harry O'Boyle is a piano tuner. Who could have imagined that?

Mardis: No one, but imagine Alfred Ginsberg, then; he's a human fly now.

Paul: Yes, the time he climbed the Mally Building, he climbed in the window of Nels Johnson's studio. I have heard say that he helped himself to some of the wonderful pieces of sculpture he saw there.

Robert: Speaking of robbers, I see in the paper that the Everett Wadsworth Savings Bank was robbed again. Clifford Cram, the president, was the only one there at the time.

Paul (aside): What a wind outside! I'm afraid it will storm.

Mardis: That bank robbery happened at Rising Sun, didn't it?

Robert: Yes, and James Hulse, who is the constable there, nearly caught the robber, but he got away.

Mardis: And they say that murder—

(Crash!!! Bang!!! Off stage.)

Paul: Help! Murder! Police!

(Exit.)

Mardis (excitedly): Holy smoke! What was that?

(Exeunt Mardis and Robert.)

(Enter Linnea Bengston, Helen Lightfoot, Clarence Cosson, Henry Kinley, and Emory Pearson. All are limping or are hurt except Linnea and Helen.)

Linnea: Whew! What a storm.

Emory: You said it.

Henry: Lucky for us that our plane dropped so near this building. Wonder what this building is, anyway?

Helen: Oh! I know where we are now. This is the old East High Auditorium.

Linnea: Oh, don't you remember? The last time we were here Aksel Graven-gaard sang; and now he is teaching fancy dancing in Berwick.

Clarence (feeling his back and head): Well, I know right now that Archie Johnson's new flying machine isn't much good.

The Quill

Helen: Well, I'm surely glad he invented these individual shock absorbers, because when we fell I didn't even get mussed up.

(Mardis, Robert, and Paul re-enter, accompanied by Eleanor Thomson and Gretchen Simms.)

Linnea: Why, I didn't either.

Emory: Huh! I wish I had had some.

Eleanor: What could that noise have been? I just know it was an airplane accident—they are so common lately.

(Eleanor and Linnea recognize and run towards each other.)

Linnea: Why, Eleanor, you dear girl. What are you doing here?

Eleanor: Oh! How glad I am to see you, Linnea; my hopes have all been shattered. Behold a spinster teacher!

Gretchen (poutingly): Yes, and so am I.

Linnea (laughing): Oh, how sad! Guess I'll have to come and join you.

Gretchen: Why, we're all old classmates. There are Clarence and Emory.

Robert: And Helen and Henry, too.

Mardis: Well, how did you happen to be here?

Henry: Didn't you hear that terrible crash?

Eleanor: Yes, what was it?

Clarence: We were the cause of that. You see, we were out testing the new plane that Archie invented. This rainstorm came up, blinded the driver and the next thing we knew we were back on Mother Earth.

Eleanor: See—I told you that was an airplane accident.

Gretchen: Yes, but why are the rest of you here?

Clarence: Well, I'll tell you the whole story. To begin with, you all know that Archie is—

Emory: Well, where are Archie and Dorothy?

Linnea: Come on, Emory, let's go hunt them. I'd like to look over the building again, anyway.

(Exeunt Linnea and Emory.)

Clarence: As I was saying— That heap of rubbish out there is Archie's last attempt at a wingless airplane. As General of the United States Air Service, I was testing the machine. Of course, Helen here, Secretary of the Air Service Department, had to come, as well as Henry Kinley, who furnished the capital for this trial. You see, when oil was found on Henry's Oklahoma land, he came to Washington to finance Archie's inventions.

(Linnea and Emory re-enter with Dorothy Whitesel and Archie Johnson.)

Linnea: Here they are. We found them in the Physics Laboratory playing with the motor-generator apparatus.

Robert (laughing): Huh! I suppose he's got an idea for another plane already.

Archie: Well, you can laugh, old man; but I'm going to perfect that machine yet.

Gretchen: Why, Dorothy, you, too? What are you doing now? I suppose you are a wonderful Dramatic Art Teacher.

Dorothy: Oh, my, no! I'm the head aviatrix now. I'm the one who attempted to drive Archie's "wonderful new plane."

Gretchen: How our school day ambitions do change.

Henry (to Linnea): Well, whom are you taking notes on now?

Linnea: Why, Robert, of course.

Emory: She is forever taking notes for that paper.

Eleanor: What paper?

Linnea: Oh, don't you know? I'm a reporter for the "Washington Première."

The Quill

Clarence: Yes, don't you remember the fame Linnea gained as editor of "La Première" and "L'Encore" at the same time "The Knot-Hole" and "The Blotter" were raging?

Helen: Now you know the whole story.

Eleanor: I wonder what some of the rest of our class of 23 are doing now? Do you ever hear from Marian Akerson or Edla Dwyer? We three used to be good pals when we were in school.

Henry: Why, we saw Marian today, and Dorothy Patterson, too, when we stopped in Chicago for lunch. Marian is head of the United States Can Opener Association, located in Chicago, and Dorothy is matron of a home for red-headed lunatics in Minneapolis. She runs down to Chicago every day to have lunch with Marian at the Chicago Cafeteria.

Helen: Oh, yes—Marjorie Davis and Charles Shope are the proprietors of the cafeteria, while La Verne Davis is head waitress. Russel Heston is chief cook and bottle washer. Irving Shames used to have the job, but he broke too many dishes.

Eleanor: Well, doesn't anyone know anything about Edla?

Archie: Oh, Marian said she was expecting Edla to visit her yesterday, but her adopted twins, Max and Climax, contracted the measles; so she was unable to come. Edla is living in Florida at present.

Emory: Well, the last time I heard from Luther Rothfus, two years ago, he was running a candy shop down in Texas.

Robert: Yes, and I just saw in the paper the other day that Mary Elizabeth Berner is suing Claude Brown for breach of promise. When I read that article I thought it would be a good proposition for George Bruce. He's a lawyer now.

Clarence: Rosamond Fulmer is working for the government on Income Tax reports and she has written me that Clifford Cram had sent in a check for \$10,000. I couldn't believe my eyes. He still owes me that nickel he borrowed when we were freshmen here.

Paul: I guess some of our classmates are gaining fame. Lucille Caple is touring Europe lecturing on "East High School Spirit" and Ruth Hockmuth is starring in "Little Kid" roles in "Hecho Slidum."

Mardis: Say, Katherine Fulton is head of the new "Hecho Slidum" government, isn't she? What is her title?

Paul: "Slideless Katrina," isn't it? I never imagined she would be a Socialist.

Dorothy: Oh, she always did get her lessons on the "Committee" plan. But about some of our stars—John Green is the most learned teacher in Vassar; and Leona Hartman is Dean of Girls at Harvard.

Mardis: Herbert Hauge is in charge of the radio concerts given throughout America.

Robert: Well, can you imagine Irene Packer as matron of an Old Maid's Home at Valley Junction?

Henry: Ha! Ha! Poor girl! How she must miss her many high school admirers.

(In the meantime, Linnea has been reading the newspaper.)

Linnea: Oh! Listen to this. Verne Devine and Lillian Buckles are starring as Tom and Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss" at the Rockholz Sisters' Theater in New York.

Helen: I'm not at all surprised. Won't Verne make a handsome Tom Tulliver? Lillian's hair is almost too curly for Maggie's, isn't it?

Mardis: That's right! Say, Glenn Simpson, the famous radio photographer, has the contract for the Senior pictures this year.

Linnea: Here's another article I think you might be interested in. Ivan Fred-

The Quill

regill, the noted bird author and ornithologist, has discovered a new variety of parrots that inhabit the halls of high schools, and last, but not least—Here's a whole page telling about how enthusiastic the students of a Detroit high school were over Professor Raymond Shaw's oration on "How It Felt to Be a Senior Class President."

Dorothy: While I was looking out of the laboratory I noticed that you still have the customary peanut and popcorn stand outside the building.

Gretchen: Yes, Reuben Redman has been running that one for about seven years now.

Helen: And Wendell Milligan is living on a farm near Carlisle, Iowa. His wife has won several prizes at the State Fair for her butter.

Linnea: Wendell a farmer! I always thought he'd be a dancing teacher. Oh, goodness! (Reads in paper): Maude Johnson is sailing for China tomorrow. She's going to be a missionary in Ding Dong, China.

Eleanor: Oh, yes, Bernice Griffiths taught Latin here last semester, but now she is traveling in Spain.

Mardis: I heard that Helen Deheck fell in love with a dashing cowboy and is now living on a ranch in Montana.

Archie: Listen! What's the matter with my radio? Somebody must be tuning in.

Gretchen: Who is it?

Archie: It's La Verne Greenlee. He's trying to get FJH—wonder who that is?

Eleanor: That's Robert Wood. He has just given La Verne a patent for his new rain machine.

Dorothy (listening in): Why, he's telling Robert that he broke a screw on his machine and now he can't make it stop raining.

Henry: Well, where is he?

Archie: He's out in the new Cronland College Observatory.

Helen: Is Dorothy Cronland connected with that college?

Robert: Yes, she established it with a fund donated by Edythe Sargent and Doyne Chambers.

Clarence: Well, the breaking of that screw accounts for our running into the rainstorm out there near the Fair Grounds.

Archie: Ho! Ho! Listen to this! Marguerite Hartman and Lolita Mitchell are talking.

Helen: Why, Lolita has a Home for Defenseless Cats in Cuba! I had a letter from her just the other day.

Archie (laughing): Lolita says that one of her pet cats is sick and Marguerite is going to send her latest book on "The Cure and Treatment of Sick Cats." (Suddenly): Say, where's that Laboratory? I've an idea.

(Exit Archie.)

Linnea: I had a card from Mildred Crowe. She said that she and Irene Storey are going to celebrate their wedding anniversaries together. It will be Mildred's fifteenth anniversary with her first husband. They said they were "happy though married."

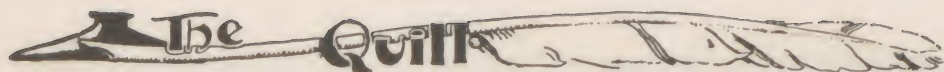
Mardis: Say, I wonder if more of our classmates couldn't gather here sometime with us?

Paul: Yes, why couldn't they?

Helen: I'll give you the addresses of some that I hear about from time to time.

Robert: Oh! Do.

Helen: Well, Clara Harlan has a Floral Shop in Mitchellville. Helen Garwood can be reached at Boone, Iowa. She's in charge of the Des Moines Girls' Y Camp.



Gertrude Harvey, Anna Raynes, and Geneva Bagg are lawyers in the J. Harper & Bagg Law Offices. I guess they are the best lawyers west of the Mississippi.

Eleanor: Of course, all of you know that Gladys Close has a Music Studio in Memphis, Tennessee.

Gretchen: Yes, I noticed an article in one of the Des Moines papers about her just the other day. She is gaining international fame.

Linnea: Jeanette Pollard has been elected mayor of Oskaloosa. She will succeed Dorothy Irwin.

Henry: Well, James Ransom is an aviator on a mail route from New York to London.

Robert: I'll remember those addresses.

Clarence: Say, didn't Archie say he had an idea? About his plane, I suppose. Well, that plane is a great idea. If he can only make it work it will revolutionize the world.

Henry: Who's that?

(Enter Archie—Excitedly.)

Archie: I have it! I have it! I've found the trouble with my machine. Come on. Let's try it. I know it will work now.

Emory: We have had a very enjoyable meeting, Professor Thompson. I hope to see you oftener now that this invention will make the trip from East High to the White House in thirty minutes. And, Bob, I'll expect to see you in Congress before long.

Mardis: Thank you. Don't forget, all of you, that our next reunion will be held here next month.

Linnes: No, we won't. Goodbye!

Everyone: Goodbye.

(Exit all but Mardis and Paul.)

CURTAIN.

FEMININE TRACK FANS

Feminine fans are divided into several distinct types, each of which has its own place in the world of high school athletic fans.

Take for instance, the girl who possesses a new spring sport outfit. She thinks the track field the best possible background for her sport costume; so she attends all the events. The track meet is not the paramount consideration with her, it is only something which must be endured.

Another type goes to see her one hero perform. She secretly or openly worships one entrant and all other things are forgotten in a breath of ecstasy when he does some spectacular feat which in her estimation places him above all other world famed athletes.

The last and by far the most important type is the one who likes sport for sport's sake, who really understands the games, who goes to see not one hero but many heroes win the day. Such is the feminine fan that East High produces.

—Margaret Dennis.

SNAPS



Georgia



Stylights



Sedar



Holbs



Stylight



Donnie Milk



Wong



Landing of Hand



Guerils



Miss Hostetter



Constable



Brunches



A.G.H.



Shrek



Assistant



Hall/Hall



Footlights



Lucy



THE TEN BEST (EX)SELLERS

(Editor's note: The reporters are only too willing to pass on to the ambitious East High students, the advice to be found in the following extracts from interviews with the ten most distinguished members of the class of '23.)

MR. CHARLES SHANE, THE MOST TALKATIVE

"I am very glad that you have come to see me in regard to my talkative nature. This is the first time that I have been interviewed on my ability to talk more and say less in less time than any one person in the class of '23. Although I am rated as the most talkative, I will not take up much of your time.

"Since coming to East High, I have tried to impress people with my fine manly voice. I think, as others do, that for depth of feeling and volume of tone, my voice cannot be surpassed in our class. When one is a genius at talking, he should go in for dramatics. I have contributed my share in making Miss Corey's plays successes. The front corridor is another place where I can exercise my ability. You may see me there any time. I find an opportunity to talk in the senior meetings; for the seniors do not have anything to say, so they let me talk. I delight in disputation because then I can talk to someone without the risk of his leaving because he is tired. I usually win in these discussions for I can talk more than my opponent. But though I do not always win, I keep on talking 'for even though vanquished, I can argue still.'"

MISS KATHERINE FULTON, THE MOST WITTY

"I attribute my great flow of wit and my ingenious ability to make some people laugh all of the time and all people laugh some of the time to my extensive study and research work on the volume, *The Witty Handbook*, written by Professor Otto Smile, B. D. V., (All members of the illustrious class of '26 wishing to attain such success, may receive personal advice by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to 1923 E. Hi School Street, Fabehouse Buggles, New Jersey.)

MISS HELEN SCOTT, THE MOST STUDIOUS

Briefly, here are a few important points that the reporter learned:

Her favorite pastime is conjugating irregular verbs, Latin, French and Spanish. (She may have them!)

Her ideal is herself. (Ah, me!)

Her chief entertainment is listening to lecturers on the psycholological researches into the pathological ornithology of entemology. (She probably understands it, but I fail to comprehend.)

Her favorite study is, without a dispute, Cicero and she spends daily only about twenty-six hours on it. She then proceeded to enlighten me on the doings of Cicero, a thing which seemed more Greek to me than Latin.

The ten minutes over, she said she had another appointment and rushed off to find the weight of 22.4 liters of a gas at standard condition (O° C.) and 760 mm. (which I'll confess, is much over the head of an amateur reporter such as I claim to be.)

MR. RAYMOND SHAW, THE MOST POPULAR BOY

"Study hard every day, receive your many Woolley tests with a happy smile, get in 'good' with your teachers and above all, be courteous to the ladies. These are the simple ways of becoming popular. Discard the side-burns and bell-bottoms. I have always managed to be absent one day—not more than two—every six weeks. Therefore, I have received 1's on all my cards for the entire four years in East High School."

The Quill

MISS LILLIAN BUCKLES, THE MOST DIGNIFIED

"My dignity was an assured characteristic even in my infancy. When I was a baby I fell out of my carriage, rolled down the cellar steps and landed at the bottom in an upright position with my hair and dress unruffled. At the age of three, I was called upon to take the place of our minister who was discharged for frivolity and inattention. I never thrust lollypops into my mouth whole but daintily licked the end of the candy. In East High I have preserved my reputation for dignity by never sliding down the banisters, walking on my hands in the cafeteria, or powdering my nose in Mr. Burton's office."

MR. HARRY O'BOYLE, THE MOST BRAVE

"Although I am the bravest one in the class of '23, I am also very modest. I will therefore give you a few reasons why I am brave and how 'I got that way.' The girls, I think, made me courageous, because if a man can talk to many girls and receive all their praises and their kind wishes without running a four-forty, I think that he earns the title of 'most brave.' Although I do not brag about my attainments, I think I am very brave to put my name before the public. In closing, I might give some advice to others who are ambitious. These are some of the rules I follow:

1. Go in for athletics (chief factor in becoming popular.)
2. Have a grim look on your face (my favorite rub.)
3. Walk straight (in front corridor.)
4. Talk with the girls (anywhere.)"

Mlle. BERNICE DEVINE, THE HAPPIEST

The reporter put the following questions to Mlle DeVine, and in all cases received almost appropriate and fairly intelligent replies.

Q. Were you always happy?

A. Yes, when an infant I laughed so much that I became seventy-eight pounds over-weight.

Q. Is this tendency inherited?

A. Yes, my great grand-mother choked almost to death laughing when she was nine weeks old.

Q. When did you reach the height of your career?

A. When I laughed forty-five minutes steadily during an English grammar test.

Q. What do you intend to do when you graduate?

A. After I have finished laughing over the huge joke of my graduating, I shall join the Chuckle Along Musical Revue.

Q. What is your advice to those who wish to acquire a reputation for happiness?

A. Throw back your head, open your mouth wide, and laugh long and heartily at everything you ever hear called serious.

MR. LAVERNE GREENLEE, THE BIGGEST BLUFFER

"Don't do today what you can put off till tomorrow. That is one way to be a good bluffer. Smile at your teachers, bring them chewing gum, candy or whatever they desire. Carry your books home, leave them under the auto seat and depend upon your powerful imagination for a good lesson. Convince the young ladies that all good students do not receive I's. I can easily prove that fact by showing my report cards. I have several understudies with whom I am working faithfully; among them are Archie Johnson, Robert Yohe and Verne Devine. Most of my energy has been used in Room 104. Freshmen, avoid that room until the art is perfected. Beginners may use Room 107 as training quarters."

Write: Fourth Avenue, High Bluff, New Hampshire.



MISS IRENE PACKER, THE MOST POPULAR GIRL

"Requests have come from every corner in East High for every girl (as well as boy) is very anxious to become popular. Why not? As a favor to the 'anxious-to-be-popular' class of our school I have offered a few hints.

1. Smile all the while.
2. Discard bobbed hair and bangs.
3. Refrain from using rouge and lipstick.
4. Become a second Jane Cowl.
5. Take public-speaking order to ARTICULATE properly (especially when talking to the male sex.)"

MISS VIVIAN HILD, THE CHAMPION GUM-CHEWER

"It took months and years of practice to attain this great honor, especially to be able to pop my gum all the time and any time I wish. (Ex) Speariment is my favorite brand and the number of packages chewed in my life is impossible to count. When I was about twelve or thirteen, I was almost overcome with lockjaw after chewing five packages of that elastic substance at one time, but the next day the affliction turned into the mumps! Since then my allowance has not exceeded three packages a day. If constant practice is possible, someone may be able to surpass this record."

GRADUATE MARKET

THURSDAY'S SPECIALS FOR JUNE 7

FRUITS

PRUNES—Boys

PEACHES—Girls

LEMONS—The Senior Quill Staff

DATES—LaVerne Greenlee
Mabel Warner
Arch'e Johnson

VEGETABLES

CARROTS—Dorothy Patterson
John Harper
James Ransom
Lenora Smith
James Hulse

SWEDE POTATOES—Linnea Bengston
Carl Nelson
Marion Akerson
Emory Pearson

IRISH POTATOES—Harry O'Boyle
Jessie Heenan
Helen McCoy
Florence McGaffey

MEATS

BEEF—Alfred Ginsberg
Charles Shope
William Hartung

BRAINS—Helen Lightfoot
Lillian Buckles
Raymond Shaw
Helen Scott

MISCELLANEOUS

CAKES—Reuben Redman
George Mattern
Warthen Hobbs
Clarence Cosson

TALKING MACHINES—Katherine Fulton
Charles Shane
Letha Hostetter
Verne Devine

CHEWING GUM—Tina Kauzlarich
Vivian Hild

TOOTHPICKS—Clifford Cram
Glen Simpson
Everett Wadsworth

FRECKLE CREAM—Maude Johnson
Margaret Hartman
Ethel Schriener



HISTORIC FIND

RUINS OF CITY UNEARTHED

The Harper-Hobbs expedition into the wilds of North America on Earth was rewarded with a wonderful discovery. After five weeks of excavating they discovered a three story, white stone educational institution. In the individual filing cabinets of those ancient pupils, were many interesting articles which, since they show the customs and habits of the students, were placed in a strong box and brought to Mars. The news of this find was flashed to all the planets immediately and it is expected that Saturn and Uranus will send expeditions to help Mars' further discoveries in the vicinity.

It was impossible to transport all the things which were brought. The following is a list of some of the discoveries:

1. A stack of loose pictures all of the same person. One of these had the title "Larson winning the hundred yard dash." He must have been a fast man in his time.
2. A certificate showing that Emory Pearson had won a football monogram for four consecutive years led us to conclude that he was one of the athletic stars of the institution.
3. A checkerboard with the inscription "To Harry O'Boyle from Archie Johnson in recognition of his ability," showing, evidently, that Harry had the move on Archie.
4. A couple of bottles labeled "Henna" and "Peroxide" belonging to Dorothy Patterson and Marian Akerson respectively. From this the conclusion is drawn that our present hair dyes were undiscovered then.
5. A book for the year 1923 belonging to Edythe Sargent with dates for all but two nights. It would seem that little Edythe was a popular girl.
6. A little box labelled "Saxophone Weeds" belonging to Herbert Hauge indicates that he should have been able to play the saxophone.
7. The mystery of the B. V. D. was solved by the discovery that there was a student by the name of Benjamin Verne Devine.
8. A well worn gavel showed that its owner, Charles Shane, was chairman of several organizations.
9. A ping-pong paddle awarded to LaVerne Greenlee for his wonderful ability in the game.
10. In various places about the building were found different official forms; such as: Report to Parents, Deportment Cards, Grade Cards, and Pink Slips. These forms were filled out for Clarence Cosson, Irving Shames, Blanche Anderson, Lillian Buckles and many others.

This strong box will be opened before a public meeting of the Martians, in the auditorium, on June the fourth, when these and other discoveries will be placed on exhibition.

THE SENIOR BEDTIME STORY

A Brightman starts Early one morning in a Ford to go to Harlan Hall. On the way through a Wood, he sees a Green Budd growing like a Garland on a Blackledge. Soon he hears a Voyce which with great Wisdom is trying to make him DeVine that a Redman is about to Ransom the Crook. Since it is beginning to Sprinkle, the Brightman Buckles the Storey to the foot of a Crowe and sends it through the Cain-field to a Goodrich man.

"Great Scott!" he cries. "I'll Peel that Redman! Dailey he Shames the Danes. The Lightfoot Miller shall carry the Storey."

The Strain is Close but the Crook is Warn(er)ed and the Brightman reaches Ginsberg where he goes to his Chambers exhausted after a hard day's Cram.

—Helen Scott.

Among Us Mortals





Faculty



FACULTY IS PEOPLE

The other day Miss Snyder says to me, "Margaret, don't you want to write a page about the Faculty?"

Not being any too eager I answers, "W-e-l-l" and then me thinking that, having been here nine semesters, if anybody ought to know about the Faculty it was I. So I says yes.

Then she says, "Give a few facts about them and some general information." But, me thinking that as the teachers already had all the facts they needed, it was the students who needed the facts and general information so:

Faculty is people who when you say, "A kid fell down out here and broke his neck," look surprised and say "What?" And you tell them again, "A kid fell down out here and broke his neck," and they keep on saying "What?" and looking surprised, and you keep on repeating it, till finally you discover it ain't the broken neck they are surprised about. Then you say, "A *student* fell down out here and broke his neck," and they finally ask, "Where is he? Should I call a doctor?"

Faculty is people who chaperon you at parties and who always should be served first. And when the refreshments don't come, Faculty can go to the phone and speak to the store just like they speak to you when you haven't got your lessons, and the refreshments come right out. They can do lots of things like that, being as they have got correct enunciation.

Faculty is the only peop'e with whom you can walk from the basement to the third floor without being stopped.

Faculty is people who have different methods. Every faculty has his own method. For instance, some Faculty tell you to carry assignment notebooks so as you will remember your lessons, and when you haven't got your lesson, take

The Quill

off for it, even if you do say you lost the notebook. While other Faculty say to remember the lesson and not write it down and take off for it, even if you do tell them you forgot it.

Faculty is people who look shocked when you say you prefer Aesop Fable Films to 'Trapping Wild Deer in Africa' or "Manufacturing Sugar Cane in Savannah." But just the same they like Aesop best too, only they think they have got to train your taste.

Faculty is people who can make slips. We make slips too but not so good as the faculty, they being just naturally good writers.

Faculty is people who ask you questions about things they want to find out. The best way to get good grades is, every time you see a Faculty is getting ready to ask you a question ask them one.

Faculty often draw pictures on their desk blotters and calendars while we are writing out our test, only lots of us don't know it because by the time we get to the desk they are busy writing our assignments.

Faculty is people who (I suspect) are just as bored over Woolley's as we are, only they don't dare show it.

Faculty is people who have little cards that they keep in little cages in the office and what tells whether they is out or in. We don't have any little cards, but Faculty is so intelligent that they know when we is out anyway.

Faculty also is people who carry apples and candy to school, just like we do, only we don't know it because they keep them in their desks and they don't drop out, until they get ready to eat them for lunch.

Faculty is people who are always willing to lend you pens and theme paper when you don't have them, no matter how much previous generosity has been unreturned.

Faculty is good people to tell your troubles to. One friend on the Faculty is worth ten in the student body, because they can always "find a way," and what they say goes, as they are naturally clever.

Faculty is people who give you grades, and often, out of kindness of heart, let you through on a 76, when they knew they should have flunked you on a 74.

Faculty is people who are real friends. Me bein' here nine (9) semesters, ought to know, and they are really lots of fun when you get to know them.

Faculty is people who helps to broaden your outlook on life and make you discover things for yourself. For instance if a teacher uses a word you don't know, you nod your head and try to look intelligent and then as soon as she is gone, you run for the dictionary and the next time you use the word just to show her that you know what it was all the time. And when you have a secret opinion that the Republican party is inspired by God and you have to bring a report on the "Advantages of Socialism" and debate on the "Benefit of Being a Democrat" you naturally get to thinking.

So to sum it all up Faculty is really awfully nice—and to know them is to love them, which in this case is no sarcasm, this being the truth.



THE JUNIOR GAZETTE

Volume 1

June 8, 1940

No. 1

NEW ELMQUIST DICTIONARY

The new Elmquist Dictionary has just come from the press and is now on sale at Riker's book store. It is an authoritative compilation of all slang, with general rules for its formation. Mr. Elmquist is to be congratulated on his exceptional ability in producing synonyms for our ambiguous slang.

BOLSHEVIKES COMES TO CITY

Miss Roxie McNay, notorious Bolshevickess, arrived in Des Moines last night to attend the annual convention of the Pink Tea Hounds in session today at the Cotillion ballroom. Miss McNay expresses herself vigorously on Current Topics, and discussed at length the profound subject, "Man—His Insignificance and Duty to Women."

BOGENRIEF WRITES SYMPHONY

The famous successor of Sousa has recently brought out his magnificent "Bell Symphony." He will appear in concert with his Englissix Symphony orchestra at Hoyt Sherman place tomorrow evening.

PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE

Out of the young night it came
Suddenly, fiercely, gripping me with claws
Strong as a cat's, about to pounce upon
The meek, defenseless mouse.
I struggled, but in vain,
Each writing brought a sharper pain
That knew no end.
The moon crept under a cloud.
The garden with its fearful forms
Grew damp.

Dawn—The cold, merciless light.
The milk-cart rumbling by.
The sun beating angrily through the lattice.
My soul in the depths unresponsive
Even to buckwheat cakes.
Bitterly I trudged to school.
Then the death-kneel, and miserable entrance into 119.
No teacher there,—Oh, dared I hope
That she was ill?
But, no, 'twas ever thus.
The door opened, and the test begun.

Twilight and calm, sweet repose.
The dreadful ordeal past.
A great scarlet one gracing my math test
Sent me into ecstasies of delight.
I fell into an untroubled sleep
Dreaming there was a scarlet peacock
Preening over a black and white study
Of right triangles and senseless propositions.

Allister McKowen.



Organizations



STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers

Verne DeVine, president
James Hulse, vice-president
Irene Story, secretary-treasurer

STUDENT COUNCIL

As this school year comes to a close, the Student Council ends its ninth semester of activity and work for the school.

Under the leadership of Verne DeVine, president; James Hulse, vice-president; Irene Story secretary-treasurer, the Student Council has completed one of its most successful semesters. Some of the projects which the organization has backed very successfully are the "Gypsy Rover," the Bakule Chorus, the clean-up campaign and the old clothes drive.

The aims of the Student Council have been to promote a better school spirit and a greater regard for the building, and to create a feeling that the Student Council is organized for the purpose of promoting the students' interest in high school affairs.

The Student Council wishes to thank the members of the faculty and students who have co-operated in every way possible to make the past year a successful one.

—Irene Story.



THE ORCHESTRA



THE SEEM-FUNNY ORCHESTRA



THE SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

The Shakespearean Club is fast becoming one of the most popular clubs in the school. It has done much to revive interest in Shakespearean plays.

Two plays have been presented this semester with members of the club in the different roles: "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night." Synopsis of plays, discussions of the leading characters, criticisms by noted critics and interpretations by the club members have done a great deal to help us understand Shakespearean plays.

At one of the meetings after Bob McGrew had given a most interesting talk on Shakespearean music, he illustrated his point by two violin solos.

Through the efforts of Robert Yohe, our vice president, we were able to have Miss Helen Lochrie, a dramatic instructor, read for us the "Sleep Walking Scene" from Macbeth and Portia's "Mercy Speech" from Merchant of Venice.

At several of the meetings the roll has been answered by each member's giving a quotation from Shakespeare. It was surprising what a good memory test this proved to be.

Miss McBride and Miss Gabriel, the faculty advisors, deserve much credit for the advancement of this club.

The officers for this semester are Warthen Hobbs, president; Robert Yohe, vice-president; Florence McGaffey, secretary-treasurer.

—Florence McGaffey.



E EPI TAN

The E Epi Tan has accomplished many things this year along the line of literary work. Its members are strong for the high ideals and standards of East High. Among the many accomplishments of the E Epi Tan, several of its members have become leading debaters of East High School. The teaching the members receive or the special knowledge in literary work they gain helps them to be leaders in school activities, and they are chosen for outside work as a result of this. The meetings are conducted entirely according to parliamentary law. This training proves a valuable asset in any kind of business.

Several new members who will be active in the work of the club next year have been voted into the E Epi Tan. This demonstrates that debating is steadily becoming more valuable and that the E Epi Tan will continue its influence for the good of the school. The chief purpose of the club is literary achievement, but the members also believe in having a good time socially. This has been shown by the several enjoyable parties that have been given by or for the club. The very successful year which the E Epi Tan has had is the result of the hard work of its members and the thoughtful leadership of Mr. Lyman, our faculty advisor.

--James Chastain, 12A.



"MAID OF FRANCE"

Presented Before Parent-Teachers Association



THE BOYS' HI-Y

The Boys' Hi-Y completed a very successful year by having a big Union Meeting at Douglas Woods. Boys from the three high schools attended, and were urged to go to the Hi-Y camp which will be held some time during the summer.

Although the majority of the meetings have been discussion classes, there have been two social events which every fellow will remember—Ladies' Night and the Father and Son Banquet.

Plans are being made for next year and the following boys have been elected to serve in the respective offices: President, Eugene Grey; vice-president, Robert Wood, secretary, John Woodmansee, and treasurer, Charles Brockett.

The members of the Hi-Y wish to take this opportunity to express their appreciation for the work which Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hostetter and Mr. Summers have done for them.

—Verne DeVine, Secretary.



THE GOLF CLUB



THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

The troop of merry children scurried to the door at the sound of the bell, rung by their beloved teacher. How quickly they quieted, marched orderly into the classroom, and took their places; how expectantly they awaited the first words of their instructor, who stood smiling at them from her desk. After a few words of greeting she went to the small piano and led in the favorite songs of the school. After these simple, yet effective, opening exercises the teacher turned her attention to the smaller ones, starting them safely upon their work, while the older ones began their study. All through the day good-nature, smoothness, and enjoyment were evident. During the recess periods teacher and all enjoyed a frolic on the well-equipped grounds. After school some of the oldest girls prepared and served luncheon to the Parent-Teachers' Association. At the meeting of almost 100 per cent attendance, the members discussed the advisability of installing a water supply and drinking fountain to add to the up-to-dateness already accomplished. After the close of the meeting the teacher finished tidying up the school and returned to the neat home near by.

This is the ideal toward which the Normal Training Club has been striving.

—Irene Densmore.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

As the close of the school year draws near, the Philo girls feel that they have completed one of the best and biggest years in the history of the club.

We have a membership of fifty enthusiastic workers and because each one has labored earnestly and happily to make the club a success, much has been accomplished.

Early in the year we found that our constitution had been lost; so it became necessary for us to draft a new one. This was quite a task, but after it was done, the business of the club began to move more smoothly and the program seemed to be much better. Each girl has learned that it is her duty to do her part and to obey the rules.

The club has adopted two songs: One written by Francis Kirkham, the other by Irene Storey.

The social activities of the year included a weiner roast in October at Union Park, a party in December at which the Philos entertained the E Epi Tan, the annual birthday banquet in February, and a spring dance at which the Forensic Club were hosts.

We feel that we owe much of the year's progress to Miss Bonfield, our advisor, who has taken a great interest in all our work.

—Esther Brunk, Secretary.



Y. W. C. A.

During the past year the Y. W. has endeavored to establish the spirit of friendship throughout the entire school. To say that we have thoroughly accomplished our purpose would hardly be true, but we know that we have been successful in a degree. It is our desire to start active work earlier in the coming fall semester and in this way come nearer reaching our aim.

The programs for the semi-monthly meetings have been exceedingly interesting, due mostly to the careful work of our program chairman, Lolita Mitchell, and her able advisors, Miss Helmreich and Miss Beman.

The week of May 13 to 20 was Mother-Daughter week and in honor of this occasion the club held its annual Mother-Daughter banquet in the cafeteria. It was open not only to the members of the Y. W. but to every girl in school. It is hardly necessary to say that it was a grand success, as successful as our St. Patrick's party which was also held in the Cafeteria earlier in the year.

On April 16, election of officers was held and the following girls were elected: Rita Novinger, president; Roxie McNay, vice-president; Irma Swanson, secretary; Edna Pearson, treasurer; Wilma Straun, chairman of service committee; Thelma Garetson, chairman of program committee, and Vera McCoy, chairman of social committee. With these girls at the head of the organization we feel sure that the standard of the Y. W. C. A. will be energetically carried on for another year.

—Marguerite Hartman, President.



"THE WONDER HAT"

Presented Before Des Moines Women's Club, Little Theatre



DRAMATIC CLUB

As the present semester hurriedly draws to a close, so does the Dramatic Club bring its work to a close until next year. Since so many girls will be graduated this June, there will be an entirely new executive committee next year.

We look back with pleasure upon the successes of the past year. "The Burglar," by Margaret Cameron; "Hearts to Mend," a Pierrot, Pierette fantasy; Susan Glaspell's "Suppressed Desires," and "Where but in America," one-act plays, were among the most enjoyed. Dances, readings, and music contributed by various members of the club, were some of the many entertaining features.

Although the new ruling was cause for a number of changes, most girls will say that this year has been one of pleasure and success, due to the guidance and help of our advisor, Miss Christine Corey.

The officers of the past semester were Florence McGaffey, president; Dorothy Whitesel, vice-president; Letha Gail Hostetter, treasurer, and Marjorie Mathis, secretary.

—Dorothy Whitesel.



THE LATIN CLUB

The Gypsy Rover



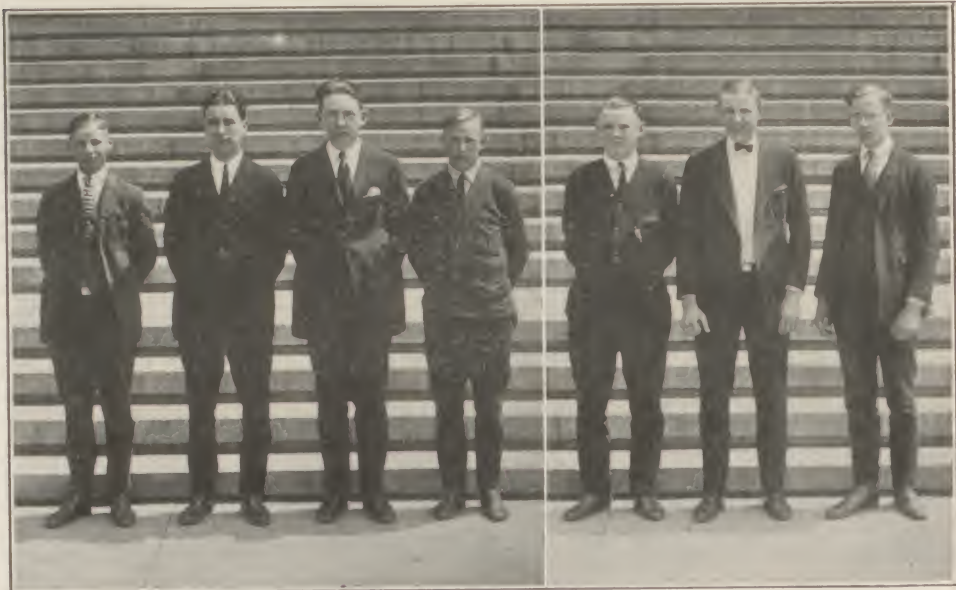


POLLYANNA

The glad game! Some of us cried a little over the glad game but we laughed almost in the same breath. "Pollyanna" gripped our hearts in her childish hands and we went away with the imprint forever there. "Pollyanna" was presented as East High's Community Course play on March 22, 1923. The cast was well chosen and with Miss Corey as director the play left nothing to be desired. No need to tell the story of how the little sunny-haired child won her way into the hearts of every one, and lifted the prism to their eyes that they might see the rainbow, it is too well known, but it is worth while to mention the wonderful success of the production and the professional acting of Lillian Bradley and Donald Dailey who took the parts of Pollyanna and Mr. Pendleton.

It was a play that gave every grade in school a chance to be represented, as the part of Jimmy Bean was taken by a Freshman, the part of Pollyanna by a Junior and the part of Dr. Chilton by a Sophomore. East High may rest assured that she will have plenty of splendid dramatic ability for her future plays.

Miss Carol	Letha Hostetter
Miss Carmondy	Pauline Bloomquist
Miss Graige	Marguerite Hartman
Polly Harrington	Velma DeLong
Nancy	Lolita Mitchell
Pollyanna	Lillian Bradley
Jimmy Bean	Lee Green
John Pendelton	Don Dailey
Dr. Chilton	Eugene Gray
Jimmy Bean (grown up).....	Wayne Baird



DEBATING TEAMS

Negative: Verne Manchester, Ray Shaw, Clarence Cosson and Nels Johnson
 Affirmative: Emery Pearson, Verne DeVine, Chester Holdefer and James Hulse



"A PROPOSAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES"
 Presented Before Continuation School



THE TENNIS CLUB



THE EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING CONTEST

On Friday, April 20, an extemporaneous speaking contest between the three high schools of the city was held in the East High auditorium. The East Des Moines speakers were very good but apparently West's and North's were considered better, because West High won first and second places and North third. This defeat was probably a return for East's winning the same contest last year.

Marguerite Hartman, John Harper and Clarence Cosson were the speakers for East.



"THE WHOLE TRUTH"
Senior Play



THE BAND

The Whole Year Through







Literary



MY SUMMER VACATION

I used to think that summer meant
A time for fishin' lines,
As well as baseball, marbles, and
Some grand rip-roarin' times.

The girls all played at keepin' house,
And fussed around with dolls,
Instead I chose mild Indian games,
Without their folderols.

But since I've gone to high school,
And flunked a test or two,
I find that summer's not the joy
I used to think it true.

And so—I'll take up all my books,
My pen and note books four,
And trudge away to summer school,
Resolved to flunk no more.

—Margaret Marnette.

SOAPSUDS FOR BRUNO

I have a dog and her name isn't Rover; but when she shakes she shakes all over. Have you ever tried to wash your dog? Surely you have, for a dog needs a bath nearly twice a month. Well, if you haven't take my advice: it's a real little job, especially when you have a good sized dog, and only a wash tub.

My dog happens to be an Airedale terrier, and a real picture at that. She is medium in height, but of quite a stocky build, and—she hates water. If she wanted to be obliging and a nice doggie, she would just fill a large wash tub when lying down. But oh, no, no such luck; she's got to stand up and try a flying leap to safety every moment my hands are off of her.

I had just nicely soaked her all over, preparatory to scrubbing her with a wicked looking bar of laundry soap and a bristly brush, when, like a flash, Iowana Miss Liberty, for such is her name, was out of the tub, up the stairs, and into the kitchen. The next moment she shook, and—she shook all over.

My mother says it's lucky that the kitchen walls and ceiling are washable. And I—have not finished scrubbing yet.

—Cleotus J. Schlesselman.



FACILITATING THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY

An education such as received in the high school, although equal to the majority of Americans, is only a meagre beginning as compared to that which we require. For this reason too much knowledge must not be attributed to the high school student. Nevertheless there is one point of immense significance about which some of them should be enlightened. Regardless of the fact that it is not taught in the classroom, students must somehow, somewhere, gain a logical understanding of what is commonly called school spirit or loyalty. This is in reality just plain "appreciative enthusiasm," and any breach of this can not be excused no matter how lacking in knowledge a student is of his so doing.

Have you ever thought what a great privilege it is, first to go to school, second, to go to an American school, and third, to go to East High. No, of course not, or rather if you have, leave off reading this horrid article immediately as there is nothing of value or interest to expound to you. It is only for the needy.

Because it costs us nothing to go to school, because our school life is easy as compared with other ages and other countries, and because of the vast range of subjects which are offered to us for our acceptance or rejection, according to our likes or dislikes, some of us have come to be unappreciative. These add to the class who know no better and who do not take advantage of the many opportunities of service which are ever present. (These same people allow many opportunities on self benefit to slip by.)

Throwing paper on the classroom floor and in the corridor has been made quite an issue. As compared with "Serving" it is a small thing, but even so small a thing as to ask students to refrain from throwing paper about makes manifest this lack of appreciation for the great privileges enjoyed. The student who does not thusly indulge serves thrice; first, he keeps the school from appearing as the well-known "pig pen;" secondly, he serves himself; and thirdly, he is helping those who "Serve Humanity."

It should be realized that it is the greatest of honour to do anything in our power, at any time, to attempt to repay that institution and those teachers for the endowments which they have bestowed upon us. Some students give the impression that after any little courtesy about school they should be feted in the gymnasium, their picture and a description of the act performed posted on the bulletin board, the act discussed in class, and lastly, as the grand culmination, they should be presented in assembly and given a medal.

This has been written from a standpoint which meets less co-operation from high school students than any other people—so let us look at the question from a materialistic view. Teachers are very often asked to recommend former students for positions. Will your teacher say that you were one who was ever willing to realize your responsibilities by lending a helping hand, or are you rated in her mind as a slacker? The fact that the future depends on the present in this case, as well as in all others, should "reach home" in the minds of students.

East High has served and shall in the future "Serve Humanity," but how much easier this can be done if the students realize their debt to the school and facilitate the serving.

Leon W. Levich.

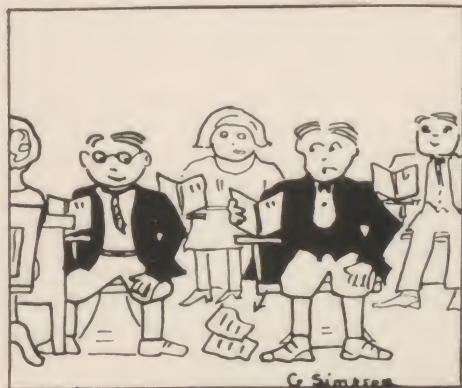
READ OUR BOOK



This girl has just discovered, aided by the trophy case, that her slip-over sweater has a big run in the back. What shall she do? See the dismayed expression upon her face, with which she betrays her indecision. Even the most provincial can see that she does not know whether to take refuge in the office, go home, or run for Miss Needles.



This girl has taken more food than she is able to pay for. See how she hesitates. She plainly shows that she does not know whether to put back her pie, borrow money from the girl behind her, or go ahead in the line and return with the money later. She is humiliated because she so plainly displays her ignorance.



This boy has just been reading his Caesar. Unfortunately the written translation which he has been holding between the pages has fallen to the floor. Should he ignore it, wait until the boy across the aisle picks it up, leave the action to the teacher, or gather up his notes himself? Our book would have saved him this confusion and told exactly what to do in the emergency.



See the nervous expression on the young man's face as he sees the teacher coming down the corridor. His social training has not been such as to enable him to appear at ease in the presence of the more cultured. Should he slam his locker and run, hold out a piece of pink paper and pretend it is a slip, or assume an innocent expression and try to get by?



THE METHOD

"An' mamma, that boy he can whistle and pound nails, only once he hit his thumb, an' he can sing a song about Zanzibar and his mamma lets him eat all the cookies he wants, an' he—"

"Jane," interrupted Mrs. Clinton, "Who is this boy? What is his name? Who are his parents?"

"Well, he's nice and his name's Thompson and his mother lets him eat all the cookies he wants and—"

"Thompson, I have never yet heard of a Thompson whom we could associate with. You will not say any more about him and you will not continue your acquaintance," insisted Mrs. Clinton.

"But mamma," protested Jane, "I told him to come over this afternoon an' I like him."

"You will drive with me this afternoon. We will say no more about this boy."

Jane subsided, but not without a secret determination to see "this boy" again. She was the victim of "Training," a fashionable fad advocating "advanced education for children" and also teaching children to be snobbish and contemptuous of "social inferiors." So far, Jane had remained very democratic and was even envious of many whom she had been taught to look down upon.

So it was that Jane drove that afternoon. She next managed to escape and running through the garden, climbed the intervening wall, dropped down and went in search of Fat.

She found him seated on the grass scribbling on a large pad of paper the dictation of a diminutive colored boy who was seated beside him. She stopped in amazement. Fat, the bold adventurous Fat, was apparently studying, he who professed immunity from Trainings and Methods. His round freckled face was twisted violently—to show deep effort and profound thought. His hair, red as only an Irishman's may be, was ruffled, but still his eyes held the same look of pride as when he had demonstrated his ability to whistle.

"Hello Fat," she ventured, and as he paid no attention she tried again, "Say, Fat, hello."

"G'wan away, Jane," he commanded, "I'm busy now."

"But Fat, what yu' doing?" she pleaded.

"Aw girls wouldn't understand. Don't bother," was the ungracious reply.

"Well, I'm not girls, I'm a girl, Fat. Tell me what you're doing."

"Well, I'm taking a 'Method'," was the proud answer. "I'm learning to talk South African from Alabaster Clammer here. It's a very deep subject. If you're determined to stay, keep still while I study. Now Alley," addressing the colored boy, "how would you say ice cream in South African?"

The little negro scratched his head and then invented and pronounced a string of letters to Fat who repeated it and then attempted to write it. Jane was fascinated by this new "Method" so different from those she had been taught. And this teacher!

When she went home she was met by her mother. "Jane, where have you been?"

"Ava tama moya" was the unintelligible reply.

"No nonsense, Jane, where have you been?"

"Well Mamma, 'ava tama moya' is South African for 'next door'," she explained, so anxious to impress some one she forgot her mother's prejudice.

"Jane, I told you not to associate with this—what is his name, Oh yes, Thompson boy, and you—but where did you hear South African?"



"Fat's learning it in a method. He was studying and I remembered some," was the explanation.

"Studying South African! A boy of your age. Who is his father? He might be some one after all. What method is it?"

"I don't know who his father is," answered Jane, "but he learns from a Ala—A'abaster method."

"Is it possible you mean Allenmaster's method?" questioned Mrs. Clinton, referring to a popular authority on advanced education of children. "Extraordinary. I must speak to your father about your studying some such language. Esquimaux, perhaps. We must try to get acquainted with the Thompsons."

Thus it was that Jane continued to play with Fat though as yet Mrs. Clinton had not met him or ascertained the social rating of the Thompsons.

A few days after at dinner someone mentioned Allenmaster and his methods of training children. Mrs. Clinton confided the fact that she intended to have Jane study Esquimaux under his method as the boy next door learned South African. The gentlemen next her protested that it could not be Allenmaster as he did not favor teaching foreign languages to children under twelve years of age.

The next afternoon Jane again climbed the fence to Fat, Alley, and the now weakening South African language. Fat and Alley were quarrelling for Alley had given a different word for cake than the two he had given previously. Just as Jane was assuming the position of Judge and Jury her mother called to her from her side porch which commanded a view of the neighboring yard.

She returned home in haste though by way of the walk this time and approached her mother.

"Jane," Mrs. Clinton commenced, "I again forbid you to play with that boy and I shall have to punish you for storytelling. You said that this Thompson boy was studying under Allenmaster and I have found you have deceived me."

"But mamma," Jane protested, "I didn't say he did, you said that. I said he studied South African from Alabaster's method and he does and there is Alabaster."

Mrs. Clinton glanced at the small negro beside Fat and then sat down in a convenient chair. "Jane! I forbid you. That boy—well I have never yet met a Thompson with whom we could associate."

—Letha Hunter, 11B.

ON A SPRING NIGHT

Have you ever watched corn stalks burning
On a still spring night?
Bright against the horizon
A whole half mile of yellow firelight, and
The dark sky above it
A pinkish smoke haze.
With quickened breath you stand and gaze
At the gaudy stretch of dancing blaze;
For a moment it lives on the hilltop,
A thing of delight and beauty rare.
Then you look again and there's nothing there
But the twinkling stars and the still,
Spring night.

—Irene Packer.



AT THE SIGN OF THE QUILL

*Nothing succeeds like
success.*

The peculiarity of Mr. Pritchard's remark arrested our attention and set us wondering. Why should it be necessary to succeed, if one already had success, as the words implied? His easy, grateful letters imply kindness and thoughtfulness of others—not, assuredly, a deceit, if one might judge from the number of boys who have praised his work with them this year.

I get a kick out of being an A senior.

We used to get almost as much "kick" out of hearing Louie Danes say this as attending the many (?) assemblies which occur at more or less frequent intervals. The long, flowing lines denote facility of thought, and the daintily formed A a whimsicality of spirit.

"When do we eat?"

Just at present, with the clock nearing the sixth period Katherine Chambers' question seems to us the most natural and praiseworthy query in the world. One feels the necessity of triteness at such times and the superfluity of geometric dissenations.

*You know you belong to somebody
else so why don't you leave me
alone?*

Madge Ree's handwriting somewhat surprised us. We supposed that it would be decidedly small and fine, to accord with her charming person, but perhaps the generously-proportioned I's and E's go hand in hand with her personality. It is a pleasing thought—we muse over it tenaciously.

*Est puer cognosce agricola. (Pretend
this is something funny in Latin).*

Craig McKee's handwriting has always retained a peculiar fascination in our "puerile" minds. We regret that he has not yet become accustomed to the shortened high school penmanship, which dispenses with fancy curves and angles. Transposed, it would be something like this:

Est puer cognosce agricola?

The Quill

*Sure had a time keep-
ing my name on the
Senior list.*

The suspense of being a Senior must be very fatiguing, to say the least. Edythe Sargent discloses the knowledge that she has taken French by her fascinating little circles for the i dots. There is a nicety about her handwriting that suggests thoroughness in her undertakings. Of course, we do not know for a certainty—we forgot to look up her grades in the office.

*Whaddya care? you're
not a policeman!*

Apparently there's a catch in this somewhere, but we fail to find it—maybe our memory of good jokes is poor. Here there is a dash, a care-free flippancy that is characteristic of Miriam Meek. The trite remark appeals to our lighter side—it is so succinct!

Hair oil for the del.

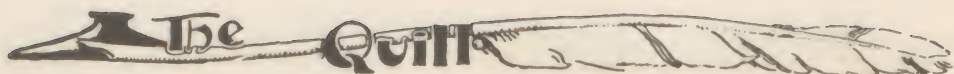
Evidently Frances Joseph is no valiant supporter of the Palmer methods, but then, what is a small thing like handwriting? A beautiful penman may hide a multitude of sins behind his hand, and so on. And in this case, we feel sure that a wealth of virtues lurks behind the crisp sentiment which Frances contributes.

You tell her, I stutter!

The Y which is written so boldly and brazenly seems to us rather an unfair interpreter to the docile nature of Reuben Redman. He corrects the impression by investing his l's with as ample and satisfying a width to height as his e's. The angular l finds us somewhat irrelevantly wondering if he has ever struggled with acute angles and triangles.

H M Meeks

Few of us, I think would fail to recognize the distinctive handwriting of our Girl's Advisor. An energetic spirit and unusual personality are revealed in her strong, hurried writing.



CHARON'S FERRY

ACT I.

Scene I. On the banks of the Styx.

(It is dusk. The sun has left just enough of its radiance to reveal five spirits who have been sent by Mercury to be taken across the Styx to Hades. One is a tall, husky laborer with twinkling blue eyes. He is watching with frank amusement a stooped old man who is tying a small skiff to the shore. Also watching the ancient fellow, but with an expression of hard, set anger, is a well-dressed man who is wearing spats and carrying a cane and a monocle. He draws back haughtily as a friendly Scotchman asks him for a light. There is a tired-faced woman sitting on a dry-goods box near the laborer. Her fingers keep up a continual weaving in-and-out motion, as if she were using a needle. Behind her is a little fluffy bundle of something white. It stretches prettily, and one sees that it is a comely little maid of sixteen or thereabout.)

Second Spirit: My word! What an awful hole this is! And what a wretched old duffer is that Charon! He's been sitting on that stump for an hour glowering at me—as if I had chosen to be dragged off to this cursed place. Rotter! Of all the deuced outrages—just when the music had started, too! He'd no right to row into the ballroom with his oars making such an infernal splash. The Ballinghams were laughing, too—old Algy made a fine show of himself trying to hide it. Jove! One has no idea of all the idiots on earth.

First Spirit (imitating Second Spirit): Jove! I say, one never will have, either!

Second Spirit (turning savagely): Hold your tongue, fellow! You're not speaking to another common workman!

First Spirit (in a fine, Irish brogue): Shure, and phwat difference does it make? We're all dead, ye know.

Second Spirit: Dead? Rot! Why, man, I was at a dance! This must be one of those beastly nightmares I am continually having!

Third Spirit (energetically): The divil it is! Haven't ye sinse enough to take a hint when the gods call ye? Even I, a poor hard-workin' man, knew enough not to murmur when I fell from the tinth story of a buildin'. Shure, and 'twill be a foine mess if the gods be angry! There's that dog, Cerberus, who's like as not to tear us to shreds if his masters show aught of displeasure.

This Spirit (humorously): That's sair discouragin' to a puir mon who's had naethin' but the squallin' of an auld woman's tongue these mony years. I stayed on as long as I could to spite her, for she was nigh frantic to have naethin' but my auld rack of bones in the house. The sweet creature was forever worryin' about the sock full o' money she thought she would get when I died. "Sandy!" she would screech (for she thought I had lost my hearing—little she knew about it!), "Are ye sure about the hidin' place? 'Twould be a pity to have the money stolen." "Oh, yes, my good woman," I would scream back at her, "there could not be a safer!" And so there couldn't, for here it is right in my pocket, safe from all pryin' eyes.

First Spirit (whispering): Sh-h! Best not talk so loud! They say old Charon's a divil for money. See! He's lookin' at ye, now.

Charon (cunningly): Three coins for every passenger—unless you want to stay and wander for a hundred years.

Third Spirit (trembling): Mike, did ye hear thot? He's threatenin' us!

First Spirit: If ye ask me, I think it's the Auid Boy himself.

(There is a sound, almost a sigh, behind them. They turn quickly and see

The Quilt

Pierrette in a crumpled little heap with her head resting on her tiny hand. She is smiling, a queer, happy little smile with something of bewilderment in it.)

Fourth Spirit (sighing): Oh, Margot, it was all so wonderfully perfect—the pretty girls—the costumes—the music—. There was such an adorable clown—he called off numbers, and the music would start again. Finally, there were only Maurice and I—and I was so frightened. But Maurice said not to mind—that the clown would perhaps give me a gift if I danced prettily. And I did, Margot, for it was just as if we were where we were when the music stopped, and my nice clown came to me and put a great gold box in my arms. Everyone clapped and smiled, and I smiled, too, for I was very, very happy. Maurice hoped I was not tired, and indeed I wasn't, dearest, until now. But perhaps it is just because I am so happy.

Fifth Spirit (who has been staring at Pierrette): Lor' bless us! if it isn't the little lady that fainted when I was fitting that very dress on her! Poor little mite! Her first ball! I remember how she danced and whirled around in it when I told her that it was done. "Oh, Margot," she kept repeating, "do tell me what it will be like! Will there be many there? and will there be more pretty costumes like this?" (shaking her head mournfully): Her heart must' a' fair burst o' happiness—she died the next day.

Fourth Spirit (raising her head eagerly): Oh, but truly I didn't! You see, I was most awfully tired, and I fell asleep right away. Margot tucked me in bed herself, and spread my pretty blue quilt over me. I thought she was crying when she kissed me goodnight, but, of course, she couldn't have been, for Margot never cries. And I'm not one bit tired now—do you see, I am awake already, and it is not yet light. They have been playing music for a long time, haven't they?

First Spirit (abruptly): I don't hear any music.

Fourth Spirit (disappointed): Don't you? But it is so plain! The violin sounds sad—surely it could not be when it gives so much pleasure to others.

Third Spirit (patting her hand consolingly): Don't ye worry, lassie—there'll be more parties and balls and music. The gods wouldn't be sae unkind as to deny ye.

First Spirit (who has never been to a ball): How she does take on over that dance! Sandy, I used to play a little—mebbe I could make her some music. (He takes out a comb and paper and begins to play. Charon, who has been sitting silently on an old stump, rises suddenly and limps down to the boat with a package in his arms. Halfway there, he turns and leers at them meaningly.)

Second Spirit (wonderingly): What do you suppose the old duffer's up to now?

First Spirit (grinning): Shure, and it looks like dynamite t' me. Mebbe he's goin' t' blow us up.

Fourth Spirit (frightened): Oh, do you suppose? Why, how perfectly horrid of him! Margot wouldn't let him do that!

Second Spirit: There are lights flashing all along the other shore.

First Spirit: Here comes Charon. Let's ask him what's up.

Charon (singing mournfully):

Burn, fire, burn!
The more they come
The better the fun,
Burn, fire, burn!

First Spirit (aside): Lord, but Charon's cheerful tonight. They must be doin' a foine business over there (aloud): Will you be afther tellin' us just what them lights mean across the way?

Charon: It's a danger signal that King Pluto sends out as a warning not to

The Quill

cross him. He's more than usual angry t' night. Oh, yes! More 'n usual! More 'n usual! Heh-heh! I'd hate t' go t' the Old Boy now.

First Spirit: I don't seem t' hear 's many harps 's before.

Second Spirit (impatiently): Can't you keep your nonsense to yourself? We must think of some way to appease his wrath.

Fourth Spirit (wistfully): I've my box of chocolates. We can send him that.

First Spirit (derisively): Chocolates—to a King!

Second Spirit (reflectively): It might not be a bad idea—what else have we?

They assemble a heap of contributions. There are a pickaxe, a sack of gold, a curiously-wrought cigarette case, a sewing case, and an enormous box of candy. They send Charon to the other shore with them.

First Spirit (pathetically): Does anyone remember "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?"

(Everyone is silent. The collective group is suffering intensely. There is a sudden splash behind them, and Charon clammers out of the skiff.)

Charon (slowly): We-ell—we-ell—

First Spirit (indignantly): Lord, Charon, don't let your tongue go back on you now!

Charon: Well, it's all right. He's got fifty boxes of chocolates over there, and he's sendin' fifty up to the Elysian Fields tonight. He says you can go with them if you've got some more chocolates with maple centers. But hurry up—the King wants it quiet in Hades tonight.

(Curtain.)

MY GARDEN

PRIZE FOR BEST GARDEN

"A prize will be given to the boy or girl who has the most beautiful flower and vegetable garden. Any high school boy or girl may enter this contest. All gardens must be ready for inspection on or before July 22."

"Oh!" I gasped, "Why couldn't I enter? I had the best garden in our neighborhood last year. I believe I'll try."

I dropped into the nearest chair, my head full of plans. The door opened and I heard a voice, "Dinner's ready, dear, come on."

"I might have the peas along the north end of the garden," I answered.

"Why, what is the matter? Have you got that garden craze again this year?" said my sister.

"Betty, dear, it's too good to be true," I said, hastily. "The paper has offered a prize for the most beautiful garden this year. I might have a chance." I showed her the paper.

"Wouldn't that be fine? I'll help you. Let's!" she answered.

"Let's," I echoed, as we went to dinner, our heads full of plans.

That afternoon we went shopping. It was past supper-time when we arrived home.

"What have you in that bag?" asked my inquisitive young brother.

"Just some garden seeds. Now leave us alone," I replied, for we had promised to keep it a secret.

Night came entirely too soon, but we were tired and slept well, in spite of our plans. We were up bright and early the next morning.

"Mother," I said, "when is Joe coming to plow our garden?"

"He's to come this morning," she answered. "Do you want some of the garden again this year?"

The Quilt

"May I have that small lot north of the house?" I asked.

"Well, I guess so, if you'll let us have some of the vegetables for the table," she replied.

"Surely," I replied, and I gave her a warm hug.

"Our plans are working fine, Betty," I said; "will you find the tools, please? Joe's here now and he said he would plow ours first."

The morning was a busy one. We worked until Mother called us for dinner. We had several rows of vegetables and flowers planted. If we worked the majority of the afternoon, we would have it finished. Although we were tired, we ate a hasty luncheon, rested but a few minutes and started again.

At last it was finished. Peas, beans, cabbage, lettuce, watermelons—how delicious it seemed—tiger lilies, balsams, iris, nasturtiums, poppies. Would it not be beautiful when they were all in bloom?

Many days were spent weeding the garden. I believe that the weeds grew almost over a night. Many an evening I could not rest because of a dreadful backache. But it might pay in the end. Finally the flowers were all up. The lilies were just blooming. The peas were good sized. We would weed it again before the inspector came. Three more days! Could I wait? It seemed not.

The morning dawned bright and fair. The inspector would be here at 10 o'clock. We were getting everything ready. The weeds were all out.

"Phyllis, telephone," cried my mother.

"Very well," I said, as I went into the house.

"Hello," I answered.

"Is this one of the contestants for the garden prize this year?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I'm sorry, but the inspector has left town and will not be in until evening, but he will come and see your garden late this evening, and will give it a better inspection tomorrow."

"All right. Thanks for telling me," and I hung up the receiver. Was I glad or not? Suddenly an idea came to me.

"Betty Manis," I cried, running out into the garden. "He can't come until late this evening. Let's paint the fence and get everything looking great. It will be moonlight tonight, too."

"I'm for you," was all she said, as she ran for the paint.

We worked for hours. One-fourth was done—one-half—two-thirds. We began to get tired, but the thought of the evening gave us renewed courage, and we kept working. At last all was done. My mother, father, and brother had gone for an auto ride this evening. We would be alone when the inspector came.

At last we heard a knock at the door. "Come in, Sir," I said.

"Are you one of the contestants?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Black!" I exclaimed, "I didn't know you were an inspector. My garden is out here."

"Everyone is having great success this year," he said.

"Mother doesn't know that I'm entering the contest," I replied.

We entered the garden. Mr. Black looked surprised. What his thoughts were, I do not know, but I will try to describe the garden.

Behind a broad trellis, garlanded with white, pink, and red roses, to which the moonlight gave a beautiful tinge, rose a freshly painted fence, crystal white. Beyond the shadows of the trellis stood a cluster of tiger lilies, spotted as if touched by some fairy, gracefully swinging in the delicately perfumed breeze. The music of the humming birds, as they sipped the sweet nectar from the lilies seemed to enchant the air. The peas and beans stood in stately rows, close together, and nodded in the breeze as if they were exchanging greetings. The light dew on the



cabbage and lettuce made the air seem moist with fairy water. Bordering the garden was a hedge of four o'clocks of brilliant colors, making the enclosed garden seem like a fairy garden. Though the perfume from the other flowers smelled very fragrant, the four o'clocks surpassed them all. Across one end was a row of sweet peas, gracefully clinging to the trellis made for them, their petals beautifully curled.

The silence was at last broken by Mr. Black, who said, "I cannot express my admiration for the beauty of the garden and I think it not necessary to come again tomorrow. The winner will be announced in the morning paper. Watch for it."

A car drove into the driveway. Mr. Black made a hasty retreat (for he was in our secret) but too late.

"Who was that man, girls?" demanded my mother.

"Just a man who came to look at my garden, mother," I replied. "He thought it very beautiful."

It was just five o'clock when the paper boy came the next morning, but we had been up a long while waiting for it. We grabbed it and ran through the headlines:

"Miss Phyllis Manis, winner of the garden prize, will have a free trip to see the gardens of California."

—Bernice Pifer, 9A.

DESTINY

Ever since Beriah could remember he had turned his eyes longingly toward the west. His ancestors had all been a wandering, pioneering people and as each generation matured it cast its lot among the travelers of the time and went west, or south, or somewhere, anywhere to get away from the masses of the people.

That the Drymunsons did not live peaceably beside their neighbors, or rather the neighbors would not tolerate the Drymunson family was an old and well established fact. This unhappy circumstance was not caused through the fault of the Drymunsons, for they were a friendly and agreeable people. If their neighbors had only given them half a chance they would have found this to be true. But merely because the faith of these poor people was different from that of the majority, they were persecuted, hated and scorned. And so as each generation grew up it started out on the desperate never ending search for peace.

Now, when Beriah was only a tiny lad his father had brought him from across the sea to America in hopes of finding for his boy the freedom and friendliness that neither of them had ever experienced. Mr. Drymunson had settled on the coast of New Jersey and awaited developments. However, the journey proved futile for they suffered just as much as any of their ancestors had done through the ages. So quite naturally each succeeding year heightened Beriah's desire to migrate west.

That stirring proclamation of "Go west, young man, go west," that Horace Greeley sent ringing through the land only served to increase Beriah's dissatisfaction in his home—if it might be called a home. For it was only a tiny one-room hovel situated at the very edge of the town in the center of what might be called the community dump. The little family had none of the comforts of life that the people even then ordinarily enjoyed. His children could not go to the public school, they were allowed to go, but the other more fortunate pupils saw to it that things were made so unpleasant for Rachel and Nathan that the two stopped attending. But even then they were not left alone. If they dared to walk upon the street they were stoned and taunted by the imps who were supposed to be better than the Drymunsons.

The Quill

Even the adult townspeople, who called themselves Christians, would cross the street if Beriah or Rebecca happened to be coming toward them as if they would be contaminated by such close contact. But even through all these trials not a single person ever heard either Beriah or Rebecca speak a cross or unkind word. They bore their troubles quietly and stoically. All that Rachel's and Nathan's cruel tormentors could wring from them in response to their taunts were stifled, broken-hearted sobs.

In the evening after the day's labor was finished the children would sometimes go to their parents with woeful tales of the day's proceedings. "Nefer mind, my dears, dey don' know better," Beriah would say not unkindly or sarcastically, and comfort them with a loving kiss on each small cheek. Rebecca would sit rocking a cradle with her foot and both children on her lap, singing soothing lullabies of days gone by that she had learned from her mother. And so the little family comforted each other.

But the advice of "Go west, young man, go west," haunted Beriah's mind day and night. He repeated it over and over, not because he wanted to but because he could not help it—the thought was so deeply imbedded in his mind that he uttered it unconsciously.

Rebecca was very much in favor of following the maxim. "Would it not be better to let our babies grow up in God's green voods den to keep 'em here vhere dey be sick und not happy?" she argued, her eyes overflowing. And then she asked Beriah in a plaintive voice, "Must ve always lif in dis here dump?"

"Oh, no, no," he assured her, "ve git oud somehow. I haf some golt. Soon, maybe, ve can leaf."

"Und go vest, vest in der vilderness, vhere ve can breaf free! Oh, Beriah, hurry! Rachel's tears, dey make the lumps in my troat and Nathan's hurt eyes, dey stabs my heart."

"Tank God our Judith iss yet too small to feel the stinging of hate," fervently broke in Beriah. "Aye, aye, I tink ve can manage it. Anyvay, I TRY."

Several days afterward in the late afternoon Beriah startled Rebecca by driving a team and wagon down a line of crashing, banging, rattling tin cans to the door of the hut. One glance at her husband and Rebecca understood. "Ve go—ve go vest! Rachel! Nathan! Judith! Come! Look! See—ve go away—away from de dump!"

"Could ve git ready by morning, mama?" Beriah asked.

"Oh, indeed yes. 'Tis only tree o'clock und t'won't take long to pack de clothes. And——"

"Vell, don' hurry too mooch. Ve don' go 'til morning," laughed Beriah. "Anyvay, I must put a canvas on de vagon to keep oud de rain und sun."

Early next morning, at the break of dawn, the Drymunson's abandoned the dump pile forever. None came to wish them good luck. Indeed, none knew that they were going. If they had they would have probably arisen early merely to mock and jeer at the homeless wandering family.

For three weeks Beriah sat behind his faithful team and plowed his way through the unbroken wilderness. Those weeks were glorious days filled with peace and contentment. The woods, the quiet, the freedom, the continued happiness were all a source of joy and wonder to the children. Beriah and Rebecca allowed their spirits to soar. They sang and talked and laughed, for here there were no despising, unsympathetic eyes to criticize.

Ah! but even here in the solitude of the woods their happiness was to be marred. The incident which drove the family from its quiet routine happened at the end of the third week. At the crossing of one of the very rare railroad tracks one of the horses of the team caught her foot in the frog. She struggled vainly to

The Quill

free her foot. She lurched forward, backward and then sideways, but of no avail. As Beriah leaped from the wagon he noticed that both horses had pricked up their ears and were exceedingly nervous. When he stooped to release the horse's foot he found the cause of their excitement. He heard that which made his heart thump, and saw that which froze his blood.

In the near distance over the tree tops he saw a spiral of smoke and heard the hum of an oncoming train. Weak and sick with fear he dropped to his knees and gave an impotent little jerk at the horse's hoof.

The hum grew to a roar and the train rolled in sight. Rebecca and the three children tumbled out of the wagon and stood in a huddled little group.

"Oh, Beriah, don' you git kilt, too!" Rebecca wailed, wringing her hands.

But Beriah had regained his strength and was working furiously. However, the horse's hoof remained stuck and the train came on—nearer and nearer, louder and louder raced that terrible iron monster. Its siren whistle was deafening. Perspiration stood out on Beriah's forehead, yet he refused to leave the horse. For he knew that its death would mean suffering for them, as there was no way for them to get another horse in this unsettled country.

Nathan stepped to the side of his father, hoping to get him away from the fateful track. Go, boy, und stay wit mutter," growled Beriah, roughly pushing the boy back.

The train was bearing down upon them swiftly. There was no time to waste—every second was precious.

"Oh! couldn't people leaf me alone efen out here? Why must I always be hunted after?" groaned the troubled man. Then, "Oh, God, help me, save my horse," he prayed in his own language, and gave one last try at old Pearl's foot.

The train was near, nay, it was upon them and the cinders were falling fast around him.

"Beriah, COME!" screamed Rebecca, and he tried to roll away from the track, but was powerless to move.

"Rebecca! God! The end iss come!" but his cry was drowned in the thunderous roar of the train.

"De iron vheels vill end it in a secon' " he thought. Then, "My, but dey iss long in coming. If I could only git away. Why does dat train linger? My, does cinders burn! Why vait? I would radder die quick!"

"Beriah!"

"Vas dat Rebecca?"

"Beriah, Beriah—look!"

Slowly he opened his eyes, blinked dazedly a second, saw Rebecca's face and then allowed his eyes to follow her finger. He saw—very, very near him—a train racing past.


"But——"

"It iss on annuder track und ve didn' know it," simply explained Rebecca, and then overcome by the anxiety and strain dropped into Beriah's arms and sobbed like a child.


That night the frightened family, and the horse, which had at last freed itself, camped in a beautiful woodsy dell only a few hundred feet away from the railroad track.

The beauty of the hollow was enchanting. The bright faces of happy little wild flowers nodded above the velvety grass. A tiny brook which contained the coolest and sweetest of drinking water warbled past. The bowers of mammoth oaks sang merry tunes as the wind swayed them. They realized then that their troubles and persecutions had rolled harmlessly by on the opposite track as the train had done.

—Dorothy R. Lozier, 11B.



What's Doing



RIVAL DISCOVERY

The morning of April 24, 1923 will go down in the annals of East High as far more eventful than the discovery of King Tut's tomb. We believe the great moment is unparalleled. Search has revealed no hint of any other such valuable contribution to the hall of Fame. Never in the history of the world has this phenomenon occurred. The future alone will tell whether it may be repeated. We doubt it. This is not merely the "thrill which comes once in a lifetime." It is the absolutely distinctive happening which scientists can not explain. In one's wildest moments, one might think about it, and wonder—! impossible to picture the rapture! Now that it is over, we are dazed, unable to comprehend its reality. We are well aware that this has been kept a secret from the public at large. After due consideration, and having received the assurance that we can not be held responsible for any consequences, we have decided that it is our duty to inform everyone of the tremendous occasion. We say it slowly that its full purport may be conveyed. A joke was found in the Quill box.

THE MATINEE DANCE

"Well, these are surely attractive decorations!" exclaimed a haughty Senior with an ironical smile. "Why the yards of wrapping string? I don't call it very ornate."

One bold Senior had courage to ask all this, but many had been brave enough to wonder without asking. It wasn't long after the opening number until the confetti dance took its place as a reality. Now it was all very clear. The string served as a foundation or stay for the serpentines. The effect was unusually pretty; bits of paper of every hue were suspended in the air.

The dance was a success from every point of view. Seniors were lamenting the fact that matinee meant only afternoon, as far as their dance was concerned.

Herbert Hauge was responsible for getting the famous Melo-Blue orchestra, which added much toward making the party ideal.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB DANCE

On Friday, March 9, 1923, the Dramatic Club gave a dance in honor of the Forensic Club. The third floor was artistically decorated in pink and gray. At the top of the steps leading into the music room stood a table which held a bowl of frappe. A lattice screen furnished a background for those who served.

The dance program was enthusiastically pursued by the guests. Among the dances were an elimination dance and a carnival dance. The latter, the feature of the evening, left the dancers entangled in gay paper streamers.

The music, furnished by three East High boys: Red Geyer, Jimmy Callison and Freddie Sheets, equaled that of the best orchestra.

Miss Corey, Mr. Pritchard, and Mr. and Mrs. Bakalyar acted as chaperons.

—Warthen Hobbs.



THE STANDARD PIN

The standard pin for East High is no longer just an idea cherished by loyal East High students and alumni. It is a reality. A pin of exquisite design, with a price as variable as the wind, based only upon the value of metals both base and precious, may now be obtained at Hanger's Jewelry Store. East High Alumni and East High Seniors in particular will go, see, and be conquered by the beauty of the seal that is to represent their Alma Mater.

The January Class of 1923 rejoices that by its unanimous vote it was able to give the standard pin propaganda a good bound up the ladder of adoption. Only through the cooperation on the part of the entire school, and especially through the help of the June and January classes of the year 1923, was it possible to adopt the pin.

Since The Quill is the official historical chronicle of all those who stand "For the Service of Humanity," the following data are herewith recorded:

1. The standard pin movement started actively with a discussion in the Student Council during the spring semester of 1922.
2. The January Class of 1923 decided that one of its duties would be the diligent furthering of the movement.
3. The Student Council of the fall semester of 1922 voted its approval.
4. Two hundred and thirty-five students submitted four hundred and seventy-eight designs for the pin.
5. The following committee was chosen by the executive committee to help select the design: Malcolm Love, Howard Park, Raymond Shaw, John Woodmansee Lucille Van Lieu, Ralph Kettles, George Garton, Lois Thornburg; faculty advisers, Miss Harriet Macy, Miss Carol Snyder, and Miss Agnes Helmreich.
6. Four designs were selected. These had been submitted by Gretchen Hutchins, Mandy Lonning, Robert Wood, and Eugene Gray.
7. One thousand one hundred and twenty-six votes of the 1,600 votes cast were in favor of the design made by Eugene Gray.

Eugene Gray was awarded a prize of five dollars by the Student Council.

8. The executive committee awarded the contract for the making of the pin to Bastian Brothers, of Rochester, New York. The pins are to be sold at A. C. Hanger's Jewelry Shop, East Locust street, to any East High alumnus who presents a pin certificate issued by the school. The prices are as follows:

- 10 K. gold, \$2.05
- Gold filled, \$1.35
- Sterling, \$1.20

The Quill Staff, in behalf of the students, express the wish that all who wear the standard pin may receive from it an inspiration to live up to the highest ideals of East High.



SENIOR FRESHMAN PARTY

Friday, March 23, 1923, dawned rosy and bright for East High Freshmen. They were to have the event of the first year of their young lives; they had been invited to the Senior party at the gymnasium.

The Seniors had showed their superior intelligence by planning a program that would fit exactly a Freshman ideal of a good time. There were various contests which brought to light characteristics of students before undiscovered. Archie Johnson and Aksel Gravengaard tied for first honors in an eating contest. Glenn Simpson was advised not to rise as early as usual, for it was discovered that he could put on an apron in a shorter time than his classmates.

All the games culminated in a grand march that led exactly where one expected it to, the candy counter and apple barrel.

The Freshmen left firmly convinced of the truth that they were happy to be Freshmen and not Sophomores, and that the Seniors were mighty warm and human after all.

SPANISH CLUB

Under the leadership of Charles Brackett as president, Corwin Redman as vice-president, and Eleanor Thomson as secretary-treasurer, the Spanish Club has had a most successful semester.

However, much credit is due the chairman of the program committee, Edla Dwyer, for her splendid work. At our February meeting Mr. Raymond Tillotson, an East High student, gave a very interesting summary of his experience while in Spain. Miss Hagerman, of Des Moines University, spoke to us at our April meeting. Her subject was on the value of Spanish; so if any of you had heard her, you would probably be taking Spanish next year, too. The customs and manners of the Spanish people proved to be worth studying as well as very interesting to hear about. Our programs don't always consist of a speaker, though—there are musical programs, too.

Then March sixteenth the Spanish Club entertained the Shakespeare and the Latin Clubs. Thus we have reached the end of a profitable year.

—Helen Lightfoot.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Music Week, coming at the time of spring fever, was more than welcome to East High students who willingly left for the assembly where, soothed by the music, they might dream in peace and without fear of rude awakenings.

The programs given by the musical departments of the two universities, Drake and Des Moines, gave a glimpse into the possibilities for musical education in college. The songs by Mr. Carr and Mrs. Eddy were much appreciated, while the Swan Song given by the Drake Girls' Glee Club with its cello accompaniment was unusually pleasing.

The East High Band enlivened the weary business men with their downtown concerts, while the lunch period concert brought cheer to many. We appreciate the efforts of the band boys.

The recital by the East High students gave us a chance to gaze upon the young geniuses in our midst and behold them in their proper sphere. And last—as a fitting climax to an eventful week—came the "Gypsy Rover." But for those who have seen it—with its gypsies, choruses and English heiress, it needs no review, while for the few who missed it—words cannot avail.



OUR TROPHY CASE

A flashing jewel revealed in gleams of gold
 Will show in beauty each bright ray it holds.
 And what more precious gems can we display
 Than trophies won by earnest work and play?
 On field and track, in pool, o'er hurdle high,
 It's Red and Black. You see the reason why.
 This marble base stands for our great endurance,
 Transparent glass backs up our bold assurance
 The mirror means reflection, and far fame.
 A perfect setting for the jewels we claim.

—Evelyn Anderson.



THE GYPSY ROVER

A gypsy camp at dawning,
The camp fire's dying glow,
A score of heads bowed, sleeping;
And music soft and low.

A band of seventy gypsies arrived at East High on the evening of May 4th and 5th. They pitched their camp on the stage in the assembly room and revealed before us the strange and beautiful story of a gypsy lad who loved a girl far above him in station, at least he thought she was until it was proved that he was a really, truly nobleman and had lots and lots of money. "The Gypsy Rover" was a colorful operetta presented by East High students under the direction of Mr. Gilbert, Miss Forkner, and Miss Corey. The picturesque costumes and the splendid singing and dancing were indeed a triumph for high school entertainers. East High, let's have more operettas!

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

If you happened to be a member of one of Miss McBride's A Senior English classes, you know all there is to know about "The Knot-Hole, La Première, and The Blotter." In case you are not in one of these classes, I will explain these mysterious words. "The Knot-Hole," "La Première," and "The Blotter" are the official newspapers of the A Senior English classes. There have been two issues of each paper. Since the members of the classes wished to know which paper was the best, Mrs. Ensign, Miss Gabriel, and Miss Wood kindly consented to act as judges. Their decision for the first issues was unanimous for La Première. The judges were also asked to select the best prose article and best poem. Those selected were:

Prose: "The Value of the Theater to the East High Student," by Dorothy Whitesel.

Poem: "Two Black Boots," by Lillian Buckles.

The second decision of the judges was two to one for "The Knot-Hole." The best articles selected were:

Prose: "The Junior Red Cross Helps to Better International Relations," by Mabel Warner, "The Blotter."

Poem: "On a Spring Night," by Irene Packer, "The Knot-Hole."

THE SENIOR CARNIVAL

On Friday, the thirteenth of April, seniors threw cares and worries to the four winds and journeyed to the gym for the Senior Masquerade Carnival.

Tickets for the booths were given out and everyone went to see Spark Plug's bareback rider, Maria, the child murderer, Ye Old Curiosity Shoppe, and the Green Goose, but no one knew the Wild Man from Borneo. He raged behind his bamboo bars and terrified the onlookers. Only the keeper was brave enough to go behind the bars to give him a drink of orange julep. Later in the evening the wild man removed his wig and was none other than James Ransom.

Edla Dwyer and Warthen Hobbs entertained by dancing the Argentine tango.

A parade of all the carnival-ites was the grand finale. Costumes were judged and prizes given to Geneva Bagg, best costumed girl; James Hulse, best costumed boy, and to Leah Matasoff and Ruth Hockmuth, the best couple.

By ten thirty everyone had had his fortune told and all the refreshments allowed him, but even then everyone was sorry to see the lights begin to wink. There was a mad rush for Henry Kinley among the girls. The sign he carried said, "Girls, I'll take you home."

—Lillian Buckles.



THE BAKULE CHORUS OF PRAGUE

In 1919, Dr. Bakule, a teacher in a school for crippled children, was forced to give up his work because of lack of funds. Some of his pupils loved him so well that they followed him and for two years they roamed the streets of Czecho-Slovakia leading a gypsy life. They traveled to different towns, where Dr. Bakule lectured and the crippled boys gave performances. About two years later the Junior American Red Cross sent the children of Prague into a summer camp in the Tatra Mountains. The Bakule children were lucky enough to be sent along with the others. There in the camp Dr. Bakule's children performed and their talents were discovered by the Red Cross. Then the Red Cross provided a fund for the purchase of a school for Dr. Bakule and his wanderers.

It was these very children who came to Des Moines, May 8th, to sing and dance for us. Their audiences were spellbound. The children held their attention not by sympathy alone, but by their charming personalities. It was not necessary to translate their songs because their very expressions and movements made the meanings clear. In their brilliantly colored costumes they were a beautiful sight to see.

Several American songs were included in the repertoire of these young artists. They sing the Star Spangled Banner, Battle Hymn of the Republic, and Dixie in English, and Yankee Doodle in the Czech language.

After two tiny members had danced the Czech dance, the largest boy and girl danced the liveliest dance on the program. There was a Bohemian pianist with the chorus, Marie Mikova, who played a group of compositions by Smetna. There was also a chorus of the seven smallest children who were led by the littlest girl. The tiny director refused an encore.

The next to the last number on the program was My Country 'Tis of Thee. This number brought the listeners to their feet. With a last joyous stanza of Dixie and gay good nights the Bakule Chorus was gone.

ANNIVERSARY DAY

In 1913 this splendid new building was dedicated to the youth of East Des Moines. We, this year, dedicate the youth of East Des Moines to what this building stands for. On May 17 we gathered in front of this building for the Anniversary Day ceremony. The greater part of the program consisted of talks by Verne Devine and Raymond Shaw, who represented the seniors; William Lester, representing the freshmen, and Mr. Burton, who spoke in behalf of the faculty. The music was furnished by the music department.

May our feet be as strongly, firmly, solidly set in the way of right as this stone edifice. May our eyes look as fearlessly forward and reflect the sunshine of earth as the windows show brilliantly the reflected light. May the warmth of human kindness flow through our veins as the heat from the furnace. May our hearts open to the needs of our schoolmates as East High's doors swing open to the freshmen. May our kind actions be pushed out of sight, but, like the poor, may they be always with us.

In the coming years, as each Anniversary Day flashes on the calendar, may we, looking backward, not be ashamed of our record, and, looking forward, not be afraid to walk uprightly on the roads to which East High's signboards point.

And may we go from the sunshine and shadow of the school life that is now ours into a world of brighter sunshine and deeper shadows without one fear of the future.

—Evelyn Anderson



AND SO MANY DAYS PASSED

September 5—On this day he met her in the front corridor and behold, it was the first day of school and they planned all of their classes together.

September 26—And there came unto East High a multitude of five hundred veterans of the Civil War. And the students met them saying "We're mighty glad to welcome you to our city." And fair maidens pinned roses on them and they dined in East High's cafeteria and they were known as the G. A. R.

September 30—On this day our football team went out to do battle with the team of Shenandoah and they met with sore defeat, which was indeed a sad occasion.

October 5—They went to the assembly together. And both were afraid to lift their voices and yell. He turned to her saying. "Why shoutest thou not?" And she replied saying, "Shoutest thou thyself if you have anything to shout about!"

October 7—But not withstanding this wayward remark of the fair damsel he took her to the Spirit Lake game. And he said "Yea verily, no girl can appreciate a game wherein the score is 9 to 6."

October 14-21-28—On these days did our football team win gallant victories over East Waterloo, Algona and Iowa City and it came to pass that our heroes were sought after in the front corridor and smote upon the back many times.

November 1—The Quill staff made unto the student body its initial appearance in the form of a one act play. And the students said one unto the other behold the mascot, "Quillette," and the Editor, Carl Foster.

November 6—And the Student Body passed judgment on the standard pin saying, "Behold! the wise idea." And the vote in favor was 2,065, and that against was 32.

November 10—On this day a train departed from our fair city taking two members of the Quill staff unto Grinnell to attend a press convention.

November 18—On this day of the month cometh the entire student body to Drake stadium. North High cometh also and the football teams struggled both together but East High did outplay North and the score was 26-0.

November 24—It was drawing nigh unto the close of the warring season and the people desired to be stirred for the final contest; so on this day the students were met together in the assembly room and a single combat was fought between Prince Harris of West and Prince Hoyt of East over the hand of the fair princess and her dowry. And the multitudes arose and called for more.

November 25—Being well prepared for this days battle the people expected much and were not disappointed. The Eastions did smite them hard and the Westions lifted up their voices and wept.

December 7-8—On this night, did those who love to be pleased, come unto the auditorium and he said unto her, "He speaketh to the maid and knows it not" and she replied saying, "Well I know it without thou telling me of it. Dost thou like the blonde who takes the leading part?" And he avoided her question, saying, "The name of this play is 'A Proposal Under Difficulties' the one following is 'The Wonder Hat,' and the next 'A Maid of France'." And she said unto him, "I can read, and see plain enough that you liketh the blonde."

December 9—And the tribes of the Philo and E Epi Tan began to grow merry and they entertained one another in the gymnasium with dancing and frolics.

December 15—And she said unto him "Why belong you not to the Forensic that we may go to this riot tonight, and to the Spanish Club that we may feast and be merry with them also?" And he said, "Keep thy lips closed that thou speakest not wildly, we will go to the Des Moines and to the Strand instead."

The Quill

December 20—And he bade her a sorrowful farewell and his train departed from the station for Altoona, and it so happened that she wept for lonesomeness for it was the beginning of vacation. But the rest of the school went on their way rejoicing.

February 14—On this day did many hearts beat rapturously and many hearts bled also and I saw the two young things stroll down the hall together their hands clasped in rapture.

March 3—The Dramatic Club, the Philos and the E Epi Tan came unto Gymnasium and frolicked therein at the bid of the Forensic Club, and lo! streamers of many bright colors descended and surrounded the dancers and behold! When the lights began to grow dim, they said one unto the other "that was the last word in parties."

March 9—The Dramatic Club desireth to return the favor of the Forensic so they buyeth punch and hireth an orchestra. And he came but she didn't and there was much contention there by—for he did not go home alone. He spoke to her saying, "It was one, keen party if only you had been there," and she answered saying, "Where have I heard that before."

March 22-23—On the evening of these days the whole of East High School playeth at the glad game for "Pollyanna" was presented in East High's auditorium as the Community course.

April 5—The teachers decided that they were in sore need of silver to keep them in food and raiment in their old age and they presented a vaudeville in the Assembly room which was indeed very entertaining. And they sat in the front row of the balcony and he turned to her saying, "In this act they fit" and she replied saying, "They fitteth not" and the act was called "Fit and Misfit." They sat spell-bound and listened to the music of the "Seem funny" orchestra.

April 13—This day was called, Friday and being the thirteenth everyone was sore afraid and the Seniors said one to the other, "I fear our party will be hoodooed." But it was not and every Senior enjoyed his neighbor's costume and laughed thereat over the glasses of red lemonade.

April 20—"The Melo Blue" orchestra calleth outside the gates and the Seniors danced in the Gymnasium to the call of syncopated jazz. And the time was 3:30 until 5:00, but should have been much longer.

April 30—In the spring the birds singeth, the brook singeth, and heart singeth. The people desire to express great joy in music and on this day did Dean Carr of Des Moines University present us with a goodly portion of music and it was the beginning of Music Week which included many excellent programs of beauty and merit.

May 4-5—Seventy trained singers did present an Operetta, when night fell on these days, to the delight of the people, and they were there as usual, he and she, and laughed and cried together.

May 9—And there came children from Czecho Slovakia to sing for us in assembly and they sang our national anthem and their own in sweet accord and he had a ticket and she didn't which was indeed a sad occasion.

May 16—On this day did the students hold a dedication ceremony to celebrate the day they arrived unto the promised land which was 11 years ago.

The rest of the year.—It was drawing nigh unto the close of the year and he said, "yea, verily, I must take my worldly goods and depart for Altoona" and she replied saying, "The interurban will run all summer."



Athletics



FOOTBALL

East	0	Shenandoah	2
East	9	Spirit Lake	7
East	14	East Waterloo	0
East	71	Algona	0
East	17	Iowa City	0
East	47	Perry	0
East	26	North	0
East	20	West	7
204		16	

SWIMMING MEETS

Meet	Place	Medals
City (class)	1	1 cup
City (Varsity)	1	1 cup
Ames	1 (tied)	2 firsts
		4 seconds
		7 thirds
Iowa City	2	2 firsts
		2 seconds
		3 thirds

BASKET BALL STANDINGS

First Series

	Standing
North	692
West	480
East	384

Second Series

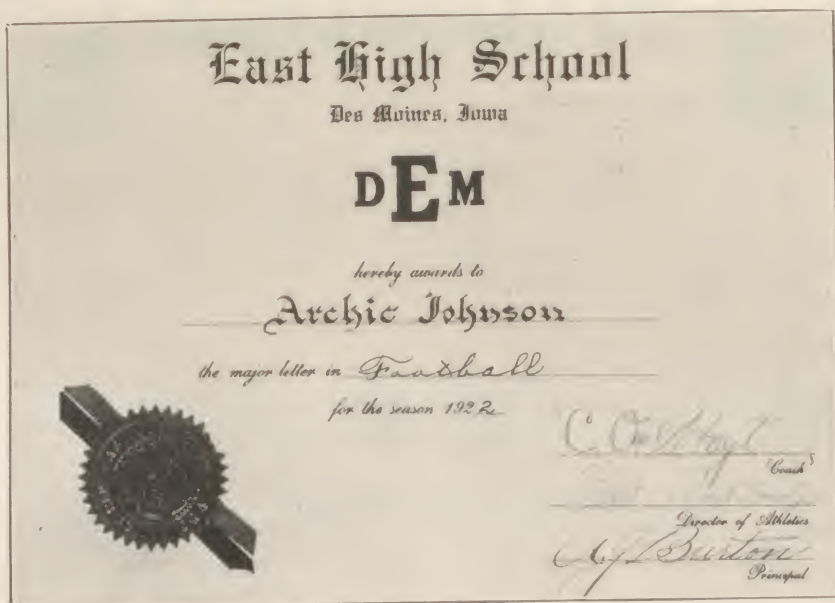
North	750
West	750
East	000

Final

North	721
West	615
East	192

EAST HIGH AGAIN

In selecting the all-state swimming teams East High was given seventeen places, eight on the first teams and nine on the second teams. West High took fifteen places, nine on the first teams and six on the second teams. This is the first year that all-state swimming teams have been picked and it is hoped that East will always hold the same place with which it started. The swimmers from East who were selected for the first teams are: Captain Turbett, Plummer, Joseph, Channel, Garton, and Woodward. Those who were selected for the second teams are: Captain Turbett, Joseph, Woodward and Goodrich.



THE MONOGRAM CERTIFICATE

One year ago a system was inaugurated in East High whereby those who win monograms in the major athletics will have proof of their achievements should they lose the monograms. The students who win the major monograms are now given a framed certificate acknowledging the winning of the monograms. These certificates bear the name of the winner of the monogram, the name of the line of athletics for which the monogram is awarded, the signature of director of athletics, F. A. Dubridge, athletic coach C. O. Hoyt, and principal A. J. Burton, and the seal of East High.

For many years different persons have tried to think of a way to prevent the disloyal students from wearing monograms which they have not won. This wearing the monograms is against the law of the school and something had to be done so that those who had the right to wear them would be protected. The system of giving the certificate not only protects the monogram winner but also provides for a way by which they may secure another monogram should they lose the original.

This certificate can be hung on the wall of the holder's room at home or at college and is much more convenient to show than the monogram itself.



EAST SWIMMERS SECOND AT IOWA CITY

The East High boys swam into second place at the tank meet held at the University of Iowa on March 24, scoring a total of twenty-nine points. West Des Moines was first with forty points and University High of Iowa City was third. North Des Moines was sixth, having entered only a few men.

The entire meet was a contest between East and West with West leading most of the time. Ungles and Ihrig were the mainstays of West's team and these two fellows were responsible for a majority of the points.

East High took two firsts, two seconds, and three thirds. Joseph took a first in the fancy diving and Chennel a first in the 100 yard breast stroke.

The swimmers who represented East at Iowa City are: Captain Turbett, Plummer, Joseph, Chennel, Garton, Strosnider, Goodrich, and Woodward.

EAST LOSES CITY CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT

East High was the loser when the second series of the city basket ball tournament was played. This series, between the varsity teams representing three high schools, was very interesting. All of the games were fought hard and were very good examples of excellent teamwork and true sportsmanship. Lyle Newton, diminutive forward, showed much skill and brainwork in the games and surprised his opponents who were completely deceived by his size. Those who were on the varsity squad are: Captain Danes, Mitchell, Jensen, C. Nelson, Witmer, Wendelin, Newton, O'Boyle, Lindblom, Rocho, Geyer, Nelson, Ibsen.

North High, winner of the city tournament, has won the basketball championship three successive seasons and has a good chance to win next year.

A number of our boys will have gone by next year but their places will soon be filled and with East High behind them, the teams of next year should be in first place.



OUR ATHLETIC INSTRUCTORS

We have in East High, six instructors and trainers for our athletics. These members of the faculty are at all times doing all in their power to promote good sportsmanship in the school.

Those who are engaged in this line of work are: Miss Florence Curtis, director of girls' athletics; Mr. DuBridge, gym instructor, athletic trainer, and athletic director; Mr. Cress Hoyt, football and track coach; Mr. A. Y. Russell, swimming coach; D. O. Wilson, tennis coach and assistant football coach; Mr. A. G. Hostetter, golf instructor and coach.

Because of the importance of athletics in school life the ability of these instructors means a great deal to the school and we feel that their accomplishments during the past year have been exceptionally successful.

IOWA CITY MEET

East High came out in third place in the track meet at Iowa City, gaining a total of 19 points. Cedar Rapids and Fort Madison teams finished first and second respectively.

In the half-mile run N. Johnson of East Des Moines tied the state record of 2 minutes 4 seconds, and Dalby of West Des Moines tied a record in the pole vault. East High placed as follows:

Shot put.....	Lindblom, fourth
100-yard dash.....	Larson, fourth
220-yard dash.....	Larson, fourth
440-yard dash.....	Danes, third

HALF-MILE RUN—1st Section

N. Johnson (record tied).....	First
McKowan	Third
Abrahamson	Fourth

HALF MILE RUN—2d Section

Porter	Third
Mile Relay.....	Third
Half-Mile Relay.....	Third



THE CITY TRACK MEET

East High's track team emerged from the grand meleé of the city track meet with flying colors. It not only won the meet, but also established one new city record, and had among its members the high point-winner of the meet. East High took seven firsts, eight seconds and one third for a total of 60 points; West took five firsts, five seconds, and one tie for second, and four thirds, totalling 45½ points; and North took two firsts, one tie for second, and six thirds for 17½ points.

Ralph Jensen won individual honors with the high score of 13 points. Ralph placed first in the high jump, first in the low hurdles, and second in the broad jump. In the high jump he broke the old city record, also his, jumping five feet three and three-quarter inches.

The meet was very good in spite of a wet track and a couple of little showers. Although there was only one running record broken, the boys were about evenly matched and the competition was keen. Dugan of West, broke the record for the mile run making a very fine finish to an exciting race. Bourland of East, gave Dugan such competition that he had to break the record to win and Dugan's sprint at the end was exceptionally fast for the finish of a high school mile run.

Another exciting moment of the day was during the running of the hundred-yard dash. Larson of East was pushed so hard by Smith of West that he nearly had to break a record to win.

There was more competition in the meet this year than there has been for quite a while and it is the hope of everybody that the competition will increase and the clean sportsmanship stay so that the city track meet will always be something to look forward to.

GRINNELL MEET, MAY 12, 1923

By winning the Grinnell meet for the third successive time, East gained permanent possession of the gorgeous cup which has but temporarily adorned our trophy case. With true East High spirit our men were easy victors to the tune of 30 points. West, which took second place, served to spur us on and inspire us to keep up our pep. Ted Larson, with two first places, was individual star for East. In addition to the large cup, we were given a smaller trophy, as winners of the half-mile relay. This cup comes through the teamwork of Larson, Geyer, Johnson and Danes.

Medals were awarded to the following:

Ted Larson	1st.	100 and 220-yard dash
Nels Johnson	1st.	Half-mile.
Louis Danes	1st.	440-yard dash.
Archie Johnson	2nd.	Pole vault.
Ralph Jensen	3rd.	High jump.
Lee Lindblom	3rd.	Discus.
George Bourland	3rd.	Mile run.

DRAKE RELAYS

East High did very well this year at the Drake Relays, considering the fast competition, by taking two third places. East was the only Iowa school except Cedar Rapids to place in the Class A high school section. N. Johnson, Geyer, Larson and Danes made up the team which won third medal in the sprint medley relay. N. Johnson, Geyer, O'Boyle and Larson placed third in the shuttle race.



TENNIS

East High won third place in the tennis meet at Iowa City but did not place in the state tourney. Greenlee, G. Thompson, C. and K. McCluskey, and H. Jensen are the boys who represented us in the meets. At the state meet Greenlee won two matches in the singles before he was defeated but McCluskey was defeated in his first match. In the doubles H. Jensen and G. Thompson went through two matches. Under the able guidance of Mr. Wilson tennis is fast becoming one of the larger sports in East High and next year he hopes to have a championship team.

The girls also have tennis on their program and they now have three tournaments in progress. One for those who are skilled, one for those who can play fairly well, and one for beginners. The girls, from the reports of officials, are much better for girls than the boys are for boys and there are even a few girls who can make it hot for our best boy tennis players. The girls also hike and play ball but as their sports have not yet been recognized as major there is not much attention paid to them. Still they go on with their work and are even more enthusiastic than the boys and if their sports are ever recognized they will bring numerous honors to the school.

GOLF

Mr. Hostetter has developed a good golf team that gave West a hard fight for first at Grinnell and also took second at Ames. At Grinnell, Shope, present juvenile champion, tied for second with an 87 while the winner took an 84. Shope played excellent golf both at Grinnell and Ames and it looks as though he will be able to victoriously defend his championship this year. There are three others, McKee, Jones, and Koethe, who have played in the tournaments this year and helped to win the places. In the home tournaments there are sixteen men as follows: Shope, McKee, Jones, Harcourt, Koethe, Carlson, Goff, Phillips, Milligan, Hobbs, Law, Cahill, Milhalorich, Gould, Shaw, and Burnett. We hope that the school will help in golf as they help in the other sports because if they do we shall surely come out first.

STATE TRACK MEET

The state track meet at Ames was not very successful as far as East High was concerned. Cedar Rapids won the meet with 25½ points, Fort Madison was second with 25 points, and Fort Dodge and West Des Moines tied for third with 11 points, East High did not place. East, with a third in the half mile run, a third in the half mile relay, and a fourth in the quarter mile run, had only five points at the end of the meet. Nels Johnson took third in the half mile run, and Louis Danes the fourth in the quarter mile run. The half mile relay was the most exciting race of the day as the outcome of the meet depended on the finish of that race. Fort Madison and Cedar Rapids were nearly tied for first place in the meet and the half mile relay was the last event so the meet went to the winner of that event. First one school was in the lead and then the other, but Cedar Rapids' third man gave them a wonderful lead which Fort Madison could not overcome and won for Cedar Rapids the State Championship.

Though the State and Iowa City meets were not to our liking, the winning of the Grinnell and City meets makes the average very favorable.

Banter







THE JUNIOR NOTEBOOK OF BENNY JUNIOR

POP VS. LATIN

(Bein' an essay wich shows the superiority of wimen over men).

Yesterday it bin' Saturday and Pop havin' nuthin' to do, bein' as he'd just come home from town and Ma hadn't thowt of anything yet. Pop says to me, "Benny have you got yure lessons?" Me answering "No sir" and tryin' to look as if I hadn't better go study 'em. "Bring on your books," says Pop. Me handin' him my Latin and he sayin', "Oh what fond recollecshuns this volume awakes" and he sighs and waves his hands in the air.

Jest then Ma leans over the banister upstares and says, "Willyum, stop that jestikulashum and listen to your spouse. Don't you think those rugs on the line need your assistance?" Meanin' as Pop should stop tawking to me and go out and beet rugs.

Ma not sayin' nuthin' more, and Pop still standin' their lookin' like he didn't know what Ma thunk I says, "Pop can you do Latin?"

He anserin' and sayin' "Sure, I was the genus of the classroom, the inspiration of the school," meanin' as he could do it.

"Pop," says I, "What does militibus meen?" "Let's see," says Pop, "Militibus" That's masc. nom." and he looks in the index. Not findin' it he says, "What do you think it meens?" "I don't know," says I.

He lookin' wunce again and not findin' it he says, "What did your teacher tell you it ment?"

"I for.ot," says I. He askin' me questions and lookin' in the index and me sayin' "I don't know" and "I forgot" until—

"Haw! Haw!" says someone. We turnin' and findin' Ma standin' in the doorway. It bein' her that the Haw Haw belonged to.

"I've been helpin' your son and air," says Pop. "So, I see," says Ma. "What was the word Benny?"

Me tellin' her and she turnin' to the index. "There it is," says Ma. "Mile, militis." The sentence is, 'Caesar gave swords to the soldiers.' Me never sayin' nuthin'!

"Oh," starts Pop not finishin' because of Ma interrupptin' him and sayin', "Now if the prize Latin scholar will condescend to beat those rugs—"

"Come Benny, I guess we'd better start workin'," says Pop meanin' as he'd better go do the rugs before Ma did him, and starts for the backyard.

Ma standin' in the doorway and watchin' us with her arms stuck elbow out on each side of her apron and sayin', "Well, if that aint just like a man!"

Meanin' I don't know what.

SOMETHING FUNNY

Write something funny? Yes! of course, anything funny. I wonder what funny is? Dictionary says that it is provoking laughter or merriment, droll, comical, amusing, laughable. Mose Goldenson provokes laughter, so he must be funny, though I would much rather say he was foolish-wise. Sam Reubenson is droll but if you wish to know whether or not he is funny ask Miss Brody. Comical indeed is Vina Roberts, but since she is always so serious we hesitate to declare her funniness. Lucy, Lucile, and Roxy provoke laughter in bunches but they are seldom funny. That worldly-wise mien of Wayne Hayes is laughable, not funny in the least unless it seems queer "how he gets that way." Josie Heenan is amusing but she knows too much to be funny. Ethyle Lucas has a sense of humor but she is far above being plainly funny.

Therefore, we ask you, "What is funny?"

—Irene Densmore.



FOR THE FACULTY

Hitherto the Editors have supposed that the point of all jokes printed in the Quill reached the reader, excepting perhaps an occasional Freshman or Sophomore. Recent events have proved us in the wrong. Undoubtedly many of the students are below the average in intelligence. We should say, the average is below par (we have not expressed ourselves very clearly, but, since this is written for the teachers we know they will understand it). We are sorry for these students and wish to save them unnecessary trouble. Therefore, the jokes considered "over their heads" will be placed on this page. Lest we be accused of unlawfully destroying reputations, we cite the following instance: M. G., reading the Junior page of our last issue, remarked, "Why, Philadelphia isn't a New England state, is it?" If Miss M. G., who, by the way, is a P. G. does not know that Philadelphia has always belonged to the middle eastern states, there are undoubtedly others "in the same boat."

First student (viewing the line of tables on the third floor just before report cards came out): "What do those letters mean?"

Second student: "Why, they refer to the files."

First student: "Oh, I thought maybe the teachers had to sit in alphabetical order."

King Shaw gave Tut a chance to see
If a member of the class, he wanted to be.
"Tut, old man, to be easy and free
Be a member of the class of 1923.
Fine, old man, and here are your books
Here is your Woolley; 'tis harder than it looks."
Tut took the book; his troubles had begun
All 4's and 5's; not a chance for a 1.
"Lead me back to my tomb," said Tut in disgust,
"Perhaps I could pass but that book I distrust.
I don't want to be a classroom dummy
Tut, Tut, old man, I'd sooner be a mummy."
And this was the answer from old King Tut
Who didn't care to be nothing else but.

—Everett Wadsworth '23.

WE WONDER

Whether West High still considers swimming a major sport.

Why short story writers always put their characters in public restaurants to conduct private conversations.

If the Freshmen will ever realize that, when Miss Cummings says they can't go through her study hall after 8:30, she means it.

Who stuck his chewing gum under our favorite typewriter.

What the janitor does with the old pink slips.

Why Miss Brody looked at Francis Joseph when she made the remark about being absent without excuse.

When Gene Gray is going to apply for his poetic license.



THEIR FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

"Where is your slip?"—Normal Training girls.

"Take out your papers for tomorrow's assignment."—Miss Bonfield.

"You *must* hand in more Quillettes."—Miss Snyder.

"Sit down in the back of the room until I'm through reading the bulletin."—Miss Cummings.

"You may have it the end of the tenth period if you bring it back at 8:00."—Miss Patterson.

"What did you say?"—George.

"I'm sorry I have to spoil this assembly with a few announcements."—Mr. Burton.

"(A shrill whistle)"—Miss Curtis.

"Where's my locker key?"—All the students.

"Well, all I've got to say is—" —Miss Brody.

ON INSPIRATION

Inspiration is something which lots of people says ain't. Sometimes we think so, too. Atmosphere is something like inspiration only it isn't. Generally it's some place else besides where you are. At such times you wish you had it but when you do get it there's too much of it.

The Quill room is no place for inspiration. There's plenty of atmosphere, only we don't want atmosphere now. Most always atmosphere is noisy. Inspiration, whatever else it isn't, ain't noise.

We think maybe, perhaps, inspiration is something like, "If you believe it, it's so." But, since we doubt it, we can't find any so therefore we can't write anything about it. The best way to find out if there is any inspiration is to try and find some. If you can maybe you're a genius but otherwise you're just ordinary people like us.

IN THE GYM. DRESSING ROOM

"Where's my middy?"

"My, it's dark!"

"Yes, let's have some light on the question."

"There goes the bell!"

"Honestly?"

"No, that's just the telephone."

"Say! those are my shoes!"

OUR FAMILY

Perhaps you have never thought much about who is in your family, so I am going to tell you who is in our family.

There are mother, father, brother, baby brother, and I. That makes five. Then there is brother's baby brother, sister and mother, who has three children, and father, who also has three children, making eleven more. Baby brother has a sister, a brother, a mother with three children, and a father, with three children and we have eleven more. I have a brother, a mother with three children, and a father with three children. Thus, there are eleven more. My mother has one husband and three children, making four, father has a wife and three children, and my mother and father have three children, adding eleven more to our family.

When we count this all up, it can be plainly seen that there are forty-nine in our family. Can you do better?

—Irene Densmore.



THIS IS THE AUTHOR

This is the author, Hugh Walpole.

This is the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

This is the Quill, presented by the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

This is the "Compliments of the Staff" in the Quill presented by the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

This is the teacher who wrote the "Compliments of the Staff" in the Quill presented by the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

This is the pen used by the teacher who wrote the "Compliments of the Staff" in the Quill presented by the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

And I am the owner of the pen used by the teacher who wrote the "Compliments of the Staff" in the Quill presented by the boy who interviewed the author, Hugh Walpole.

ONCE EVERY TEN YEARS

Francis J. has his English.

We're going to have a music assembly.

The Quill comes out on time.

Someone gets a "perfect copy."

An assembly occurs when you haven't prepared your lesson.

Somebody hands in an acceptable contribution.

The vocabulary in the back of our shorthand book contains the word we are looking for.

UP TO DATE

By the shores of Cuticura,

By the sparkling Pluto Water

Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,

Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.

Son of Sunkist and Victrola—

Heir apparent to the Mazda

Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.

Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers,

Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,

"Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet"

Were the fairy words of Postum.

"No Pyrene can quench the fire

Nor any Aspirin still the heart-ache.

Oh, my Prestolite desire

Let us marry, little "Djer-Kiss."

—Ex.

Speaking of Marathon dancing, how about those who danced through four years of high school?

Have you noticed the "King Tut" designs in oil on the blackboard in 107?

Katherine Fulton states that it's all right to ask your History teacher for dates.

The glow of brilliantine isn't necessarily the gleam of brilliance.

The hardest thing in the world is to get a laugh from a humorist.

Have you noticed the piece of Christmas trimming which is still hanging dejectedly over the bell in the front corridor?

Remember the day they sold the little cakes at the cafeteria candy counter?

The Quill

Marguerite H.: "My, Clarence, you're crazy today."

Clarence C.: "Is it any wonder? I slept on a crazy quilt last night."

□ □

She: "I just heard your brother died last night and left a lot of money."

He: "Yes, a policeman shot him before he got out of the window."

□ □

Paul G.: "How did your speech at the Hi-Y banquet come off last night, Ray?"

Ray: "Oh just great. When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."

□ □

Father and mother were discussing the costumes they were to wear at a fancy dress ball. Joan, aged seven was an interested listener.

"Mother," she said, "Can I go as a milkmaid?"

"No, dear, you are too small."

"But, mummie," pleaded Joan, "I could go as a condensed milkmaid."

—Ex.

□ □

Warthen Hobbs: "Would it be an offense if I caught a fish in this pool, Mr.?"

Farmer: "No, it would be a miracle."

□ □

Funny?

Miss Padmore: "Who was Cicero?"

Student: "Mutt's son."

□ □

"I used to work in a watch factory."

"What did you do?"

"I made faces."

□ □

Miss B. (passing out books): "Has everyone a 'Washington Irving' now?"

Student (in last seat): "I haven't."

Miss B. (after observing actions of pupil in next to last seat): "Ellie is trying to pick out the best one for you."

□ □

Prof: "Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

Student: "I wondered why I flunked in that test."

The latest song hit from the Southland: "Oh, Father's Joined the Ku Klux Klan and Swiped Our Last Clean Sheet."

Letha Hostetter (in chemistry, holding deflagrating spoon): "Does anyone want a spoon?"

That's all—except that Miss Church was injured in the rush.

□ □

The best jokes are not printed, they walk around on two legs.

□ □

Fiddling With History

"Who fiddled while Rome burned?" asked the school master.

There was painful silence, then came a voice:

"Hector, sir!"

"No, not Hector. Try again."

"Towser, sir."

"Towser, what do you mean?"

"Well, if it wasn't Hector or Towser," said the voice, "it must have been Nero. I know it was somebody with a dog's name."

□ □

Any Senior's Mother: "Will you come here and help me a minute?"

Any Senior: "I would like to very much, but who will run the world while I am gone?"

□ □

"Modern woman wants the floor, but she does not want to scrub it."

"What is so rare as a Glee Club in tune?"

"He who laughs last is usually English."

"A word to the wise is useless."

□ □

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now, break the bones in Mr. Smith's chops, and put Mr. Williams' ribs in the basket for him."

John: "All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed Mrs. Murphy's leg."

□ □

In Latin Class

Baird Rider, after struggling with a difficult Latin word gives it up.

Craig McKee: "Sneeze and cough and you'll pronounce it."

The Quill

Miss Beman: "What's wrong with your paper?"

Effie H.: "Oh, only a few mistakes in punctuality."

□ □

Ray Shope: "No, I never drink coffee in the morning."

L. S.: "Why not?"

R. S.: "Oh, it keeps me awake all day."

□ □

Charles B.: "Say, Corb, if you stood on a dime you'd be like the Woolworth Building."

Cord R.: "How come?"

C. B.: "Nothing over ten cents."

□ □

Miss Gabriel: "England is a wonderful place. When are you all going there?"

John Green: "When they build a bridge from the U. S. to England I'll roller skate across."

□ □

A cat may have nine lives but a frog croaks every day.

□ □

"Honestly this is the best policy," is the way the insurance man says it.

□ □

Upon reading the sign "Inward Baggage" in a Boston station the Englishman remarked with a chuckle, "You Americans are so droll! Now we should say 'Refreshment room.'"

□ □

A Big Catch

Lillian B.: "Have you any mouse-traps?"

Clerk: "Yes, how many?"

L. B.: "One, please, in a hurry, I want to catch a car."

□ □

First Flap: "The cheek of that conductor! He glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."

Second Flap: "And what did you do?"

First Flap: "I just glared back at him as if I had!"

□ □

Stall and the class stalls with you.
Recite and you're all alone.

Done For?

Miss Macy (in art): "Have you finished Caesar?"

Student: "No, Brutus finished him!"

□ □

George Mattern (in salesmanship): "Now everyone should take out life insurance because after your folks pay the funeral expense they may find themselves in the hole."

□ □

From a history class essay on Washington: "The president of today is the two cent stamp of the future."

□ □

Ladies First!

Miss Gabriel: "What's wrong with this sentence, 'The Romans saved themselves, their fortunes and their wives'?"

LaVerne Witmer: "Wives should not come last. The most important object is supposed to come last."

Floyd W.: "I believe I'd save my wife first!"

□ □

Potato! Potato!

Mr. Jones (in salesmanship): "Just think of the energy you waste when you pare a potato!"

Don Dailey: "Yes, and look at the potato you waste."

□ □

At the Hi-Y Banquet

Ray S.: "I drank four saucerfuls of coffee."

Robert W.: "Why didn't you use a cup?"

Ray S.: "Oh when I do, the spoon gets in my eye."

□ □

Don Dailey: "Say, Freshie, do you know who I am?"

Donald Love: "No, don't you?"

□ □

Exposed

Leona B.: "This room smells dusty."

Monrad C.: "Some one has been airing his brain."

□ □

Carl DuBridge was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out the door and a Freshman remarked "Hey, Carl! Did you lose your other skate?"



It's a long road that has no turning,
and may we add—It's a long hall that
has no pink slip.

□ □
In Biology

"Look, Mr. Lyman, at this wild flower
I pulled up by the roots."
"My, but you're strong."
"Well, I should say so, since the whole
world had hold of the other end."

□ □
Not Far From Wrong

In a shorthand test someone spelled
"nobility," "knowbility."

□ □
(Miss Wickware to Freshman class):
"What do you know about the first date
in History?"

Bright one: "It was raised in Africa."

□ □
Mr. Peterson: "Some people have
faces like the master clock—nothing
behind them."

□ □
Teacher: "Where are you going,
Irene?"

Irene Packer: "To orchestra prac-
tice, with my violin."

Teacher: "Oh, do you play the vio-
lin? Well, you always were good at
stringing them."

□ □
Photographer: "Please sit in that
chair."

Emery: "It looks like an electric
chair to me!"

Photographer: "Well, it is."

Emery: "Say! I'll have my pictures
charged!"

□ □
Warthen Hobbs completely demol-
ished the Quill pen. We wonder if he
is a member of the K. K. K. and needs
the feathers.

□ □
Mr. Pickett: "What does your good
friend Thompson (editor of the book)
say about divisions of labor?"

John Green: "Oh, I haven't seen him
lately."

Mr. Pickett: "No, I should say you
haven't judging by your recitation!"

Preliminary to an Interview

(In the Quill room):

What shall we ask him?

Present him with a copy of the Quill
and ask what he thinks about it.

How will we get over?

Take up a collection for car fare.

What did he write?

I'm getting him mixed up with Doro-
thy Canfield.

Two had better go, so if one misses
something, the other will get it.

Ask what he thinks about the younger
generation.

□ □
"Some students ought to take out an
accident policy—some day a thought
might strike them."

□ □
Ray S.: "Do you think I will ever
be able to do anything with my voice?"

Mildred C.: "Well, it might come in
handy in case of fire."

□ □
Traffic Cop: "Have you a warning
signal on your car?"

Miss G.: "Yes, I have a little round
one that says 'Dodge Brothers.'"

□ □
Warthen looked at Kathryn

"Ah, what a pretty miss."
He crept a little closer,
And bashfully stole—away.

□ □
Here's to the Seniors,
Brightest class of the year;
Their members number many,
But quality also is here.

□ □
Now Isn't It?

Miss Gabriel: "Where is Velma this
morning?"

Helen McCoy: "Miss Harrison called
her down."

Miss Gabriel: "That's too bad."

□ □
In a Freshie math. class Miss Knauer
asked, "Can someone give me a sen-
tence using diminished?—Well, Victor."

Victor: "The bear diminished the
boy."



Miss Wickware: "How far have you progressed in your make up work?"

Freshie: "To the Rock of Ages."

Miss Wickware: "Rock of Ages?"
Then he brought out his books and showed her the chapters on the Stone Age.

□ □

Miss Needles thinks that the funniest thing that ever happened is that the joke editor should ask her if she knew of anything funny that had ever happened.

□ □

Hard Up?

K. F. (after a test had been announced): "Are you going to ask us for dates, Mr. Pickett?"

Mr. Pickett: "No, it's too early in the week."

□ □

John Green (in a scientific report): "Now this is invented in late years—1846."

□ □

Found in a Junior theme:

In East High there are some odd eighty rooms and as many teachers.

□ □

Experienced?

Student: "Does a ring around the moon mean rain?"

Mr. Peterson: "Yes, and a ring around a woman's finger means reign too."

□ □

Poor Egg!

Miss Ullrich: "What is the meaning of 'tui'?"

Monrad Gruener: "Oh, that's what you say when an egg hits you!"

□ □

Talk About Conceit, How's This?

Charles S. sent a telegram to his mother on his birthday congratulating her.

□ □

Miss B.: "How many missed the last sentence?"

Several hands flew up.

Miss B.: "Well, what was the matter?"

Bright Student: "I didn't have the right answer."

Spring Fever

Ah's done got spring fever,
Just can't work a-tall,
Mind a-drifting way out yonder,
Past the old brick wall.

Birds a-chirping yonder,
Winds so soft an' low,
Ain't no use a-tryin'
Fingers just won't go.

Lawsy, honey, but ah's lazy,
Jest a-dreaming dreams,
Grass a-growing greener
'Long 'em little streams.

Ah'd like to take a fish-pole,
And wander far away,
Wou'dn't even do no fishing,
Got spring fever bad today.

—George Mason.

□ □

We wonder if the senior boys who are learning to pitch horse shoes are going to be firemen.

□ □

Sentence in an English test:

"There were children in rompers so small that they clung to their big sister's hands desperately."

□ □

Where the e's a will there's a relation.

—Ex.

□ □

Heard in the Cafeteria

I'm going to throw a brick at the school milkman if he doesn't put more milk in his water before he delivers it."

□ □

Mr. Sublette thinks that George Mat-tern is so lazy that he ought to have a job cleaning ashes out of a fireless cooker.

□ □

Inexperienced young bride: "I want some lard, please."

Clerk: "Pail?"

Bride: "Oh, I didn't know it came in two shades."

□ □

The moon doesn't affect the tide, it affects the untied."

GARFIELD

East Sixth and Locust
DEPENDABLE CLOTHING

SPRING SUITS

\$20 to \$45

When Nature blossoms forth clean and fresh in the Spring, Young Americans also want a fresh grip on life with an aim toward bigger accomplishments. New clothes promote this effort—help you look and feel like a new man.

You will want to dress up for Commencement—do it economically at the Garfield. The latest styles and patterns are here—tailored by leading American makers—see them now.

CLASSY HATS AND CAPS

Various shades of tan, gray and green are the vogue this season. We especially feature the Mallory Hat for young men at \$5. Others **\$3** range upward in price from **\$1.50**. There are times when a cap is absolutely essential to comfort and appearance—many prefer a cap for daily wear. See our display of classy caps in the newest styles and shades at \$3 down **\$1.50** to

SHIRTS THAT FIT

There's wear and comfort in our shirts. Many styles with collars attached in white, tan, blue, gray at \$1.75 to \$5.

UNDER-WEAR

A big line of Athletic Underwear—all sizes—50c to \$1.50.

HOLEPROOF HOSE

A very large display of famous Holeproof Hose at 35c and up. Pure silk hose at 75c.



©B&K

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

John W. Million, A. M., President.

Considers its supreme service to the enlistment and equipment of young men and young women for the largest possible service in life.

In the last analysis the real value of an educational institution is revealed by the product turned out.

The Alumni of Des Moines University will bear your closest inspection.

"Modern Civilization Demands not More Men But More Man."

COURSES

Liberal Arts, Education, Engineering, Pharmacy, Home Economics, Fine Arts, (Music, Public Speaking, Dramatic Art, Painting and Drawing).

Summer Session Opens June 12, 1923

Fall Term Begins September 11, 1923

EXPENSES MODERATE—LOCATION IDEAL
HOME ENVIRONMENT—SANE SOCIAL POLICY
STRONG ATHLETIC PROGRAM

East High Graduates Cordially Invited to Investigate
Carefully.

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

Highland Park



THE
PRETTY
STREET
SANDALS

Black Satin Patent Trim

Olive Elk Brown Trim

Green Suede Black Trim

ARANT'S

606 Walnut Street

Telephone Maple 516

CAPITAL GARAGE

Expert Repairing, Storage and
Accessories

506-8 East Sixth Street

**Headquarters
for Tennis**

800 special Rackets from which
to choose at a special price.
All Tennis accessories.

Hopkins Bros. Co.

412 7th St.

McCOY BARBER SHOP

1104 East Ninth Street

Hair Bobbing a Specialty

This Is One on The Register and
Tribune

The stingiest man has been found.
He wouldn't take a shower because they
soaked you too much.

—Ex.

□ □

Freshman: "Hawaii?"

Sophomore: "I Hayti tell you."

Senior: "Au Guam."

**ELECTRIC SHOE
REPAIRING COMPANY**

ALL WORK DONE NEATLY

Hats Cleaned and Reblocked

Ladies' and Gents' Shining Parlors

Maple 546

402 East Sixth

You May

"LOOK IT OVER"

"THINK IT OVER"

"READ IT OVER"

"TALK IT OVER"

but

you will be judged entirely by
your ability to

Put It Over

One way to PUT IT OVER is
to start a savings account and
make regular deposits. You
will then be ready to PUT IT
OVER when the opportunity
arrives.

**Bankers Trust Company
BANK**

Corner Sixth and Locust Sts.
Des Moines, Iowa

Flynn Perfectly Pasteurized Milk Is SAFE

The Flynn Dairy Company

SEVENTH AND UNIVERSITY PHONE MARKET 1046

Graduation Gifts

Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches,
Fountain Pens, Pencils,
Kodaks, Picture Finish-
ing, Etc., Etc.

HOLMES-IRVING CO.
Jewelers

J. A. Irving, Optometrist
405 East Sixth Street

Clem: "Say, Anne, that boy of ours
in college must be gettin' on pretty
handy with carpenter tools."

An: "What has he been doin' Clem?"

Clem: "He sez he jes' made the
basket ball team."

—Ex.

BISHARD BROTHERS

Printers and Publishers

522 East Walnut Street

CAPITAL CITY STATE BANK

Bank Building

East Fifth and Locust Street

"Service That Satisfies"

"For the Service of Humanity"

SHNEIDER'S MASTER
TAILORS

AND ROYAL DEALERS

408 East Walnut Street
Phone Maple 636

Managed by former East High Student

Verne DeVine: "Allow me, before I
close, to repeat the words of the im-
mortal Webster."

Arlene Sanford: "Let's get out of
here. He's going to start in on the
dictionary."

B. HOCKENBERG

*Groceries and
Meats*

1700-02 E. Grand

Maple 1298

Say It With

LOZIER'S

Flowers

521 East Locust Street

Maple 18



*A blend of special
coffees roasted daily
in Des Moines*

Tone Bros.

Roasters
of Fine Coffees
since 1873

Mr. Lyman: "What is pasteurized milk?"

Geo. T.: "Oh that's when you put a bottle of milk above your head and bring it down (past your eyes)."

□ □

He: "Can I kiss you?"

She: "Piggly, Wiggly."

He: "What do you mean?"

She: "Help your self."

—Ex.

CARL STENSTROM & CO.

*Groceries and
Meats*

414 East Locust

SHAME'S

Dry Goods

329 East 5th St.

When in Need of

**LUMBER MATERIAL
PAINTS, GLASS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE**

Call

**LEACHMAN
LUMBER COMPANY**

East 20th and Hubbell Blvd.
Maple 4487

**Your Office
Requirements**

*Ask Us for Desk Chairs,
Tables, etc.*

Every other office require-
ment in stock at all times

Koch Brothers
Fourth and Grand

RELIABLE PHARMACY

East 12th and Maple Streets

THE NEW DRUG STORE

will take care of your wants in Drugs, Sundries, Candies and Prescriptions. Try our new Soda Fountain Service.

B. F. SHREVES, Manager

A House or A HOME

Electric service may mean all the difference in the world between a house and—A HOME. Anything with a roof may be a "house"—but a HOME is a place in which to LIVE and ENJOY life.

Have an Electrical Home

Few Des Moines people today would care to consider a home that is not wired for electricity. Almost without exception, every newly built house today is wired for electric service.

If you are about to move—or to build—make certain that your home will have "everything electrical"—ample lights, modern fixtures, and an abundance of convenient outlets for handy fuel-food- time- and labor-saving appliances.

Your present home can be wired quickly and at small cost. We will show you how without obligation to you.

Telephone Walnut 5300—or, if you're down this way, drop in.

Des Moines Electric Co.

ELECTRIC SERVICE

802 Locust St.

Walnut 5300

That's Convenient

Mr. Lyman (in biology): "Why do gnats and mosquitos come out the same time as frogs?"

Bright One: "So frogs will have something to eat."

□ □

Mrs. Marston: "Your work is rare."

Kathryn L.: "Rare?"

Mrs. Marston: "Yes, not well done."

□ □

Little Willie Rose

Sat on a pin.

Little Willie Rose.

The gas went out to meter

The egg went out to beater

The nutmeg went out to grater

But, alas, the radiator.

—Ex.

□ □

"I was just introduced to your wife."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Then it wasn't my wife."

□ □

She: "I found a button in this salad."

Waiter: "Came off in the dressing, I suppose."



High School Suits

with two pairs of pants

\$25 and \$30

It will pay you to investigate this offer

**Morgan-Markussen
Company**

522 East Locust

Quality

Service

Satisfaction

Interior Finish

Frames

Garage Doors

Asphalt

Shingles and

Roofing

**N. S. Nielsen
Lumber Company**

Yard 640 East Grand Ave.

Mill 624 Des Moines Street

Sash and

Doors

Shipping

Crates and

Boxes

Made to Order

Sandholm Drug Co.

New Management

Fresh Stock, Up-to-Date

Come in and See Us

Registered Druggist Always in
Attendance

Accurate Prescription Work

E. S. VEATCH, Ingz.

"Waiter, yesterday I came in for a steak."

Walter: "Will you have the same to-day, sir?"

"Well, I might as well if no one else is using it."

□ □

Tree-Hee!

Acting as teacher in a Commercial Geography class.

George Mattern: "What kind of trees are raised in the east?"

Mose G.: "Wood."

Clothes Character

There's snap, dash and smartness a-plenty in Hansen & Hansen Clothes for Spring and Summer.

An individuality of cut and finish that places them in a class by themselves.

\$25 to \$60

Glad Always to Show You

Hanson & Hanson Clothing Co.

At Graduation Time

there is always one gift or more to present as a symbol of your good wishes for the student severing his school affiliations and entering upon his business career.

We have anticipated your needs by careful buying of new, distinctive articles suitable for this occasion and reasonably priced, and will deem it a pleasure to help you make your selection.

J. J. BITTLE

J. W. RUSSELL



State Headquarters for Club Pins, Class Pins and Rings

Large Groups and Conventions
Kodak Finishing
Commercial Work
Portraits

THE GROUP PICTURES
WERE TAKEN BY

National Foto Studios

Fred A. Briel

PHOTOGRAPHIC
SERVICE

413 Sixth Avenue

Phone Market 1359

Des Moines Iowa

"MORE FOR LESS"

in

EAST DES MOINES

The new styles in furniture
can make your home more at-
tractive and cozier than any
ever offered.

We invite you to call and see
what we offer and note how
low our prices are for furni-
ture in the newest styles.

Paterson Furniture Co.

424-6 East Locust St. Phone Maple 888

Edward Paterson F. H. Kemp
O. W. Elliott

Pearls come from oysters, while dia-
monds come from poor fish.

□ □

Teacher: "What do you hear always
in connection with atom?"

Pupil: "Eve."

Serving You the Way You Want to Be Served

This bank does not measure its service in terms of profit—and profit alone.

Profit is secondary when we can, through careful, individual service, help a patron to greater success.

The secret of our growth lies in the fact that we have not tried to please ourselves, but to please our customers. There is no chill formality here, but friendliness, courtesy and an obliging spirit.

We do not believe in red tape. However, we do believe, in taking a warm, friendly interest in our customers' affairs and trying in every possible way to serve them in the way that they want to be served.

Will You Let Us Serve You?

HOME SAVINGS BANK

Northeast Corner East Sixth and Locust Streets

The
Old
Stand
520
East
Locust

**D O N O V A N
SHOE COMPANY**

DEALERS IN FINE SHOES

A
Shoe
Store
Since
1877

THE HEALTH FOOD FOR ALL SEASONS

Hutchinson's Ice Cream

Highest Quality

Prompt Service

*They Can't Let Well Enough Alone—
These Present-Day Sports Clothes*

—but they do go one better or more by taking their adaptations with so much vivacity and charm, which, of course, is just what Sports Togs should do. Needless to say, one's vacation days, which are, after all, mostly Sports days, are utterly ruined if milady is not correctly attired. Apparel for every outdoor pastime, whether you're idly swinging a tennis racket or wielding a wicked mashie—whether riding, hiking, swimming, motoring—you'll find here in representations as chic as they are authentic. Too, the prices in all instances are very moderate.

YOUNKER BROTHERS

SAFE MILK!

SAFE MILK!

SAFE MILK!

"Service and Satisfaction"

Newens Sanitary Dairy Co.

DISTRIBUTORS

Phones: Drake 346-347

2300-08 University Avenue

CLARIFIED and PASTEURIZED MILK

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL

When you are through East High come to the
Capital City Commercial College

which scores of East High graduates have done, and add to your already valuable training by taking one of our intensive, practical courses. No matter what vocation or profession you may enter later, a thorough business training will pay you dividends for life.

We have no summer vacation. Students are admitted every Monday.

Capital City Commercial College

1006 Grand Avenue

**SANITARY
SERVICE
SATISFIES**



Sanitary Laundry

Maple 344

Lucky Indeed!

Maid: "A motor truck smashed the baby carriage to smithereens, ma'm."

"Distracted Mother: "Was the baby hurt?"

Maid: "No, luckily the baby was kidnapped ten minutes before the motor truck passed."



Summer Sport Hats for High School Girls

East High girls will appreciate the youthful charm, the jaunty style and the usefulness of these pretty hats.

There are gay colored rough braid hats, in smart sports shapes, appealing pokes, and natural leg-horns, simply trimmed.

Many, many charming styles at

\$5 and \$10

Harris-Emery's

—THE STANDARD STORE OF IOWA—



Many East High Graduates

have chosen this institution as their work day home—some having been in our service for years. They have grown and prospered with us.

In a plant of this size places are constantly opening up and created for schooled workers of ability.

Perhaps an interview with our Miss Moore would be of advantage to both of us.

Rollins Hosiery Mills

"A Real Place to Work"

Preserve the Present for
the Future

TOWNSEND

CAMERA CRAFTSMAN

1009 Locust

USE
FULLER'S
"Old Homestead"
Brand

HAMS BACON
LARD SAUSAGE

Made in Des Moines by the
Iowa Packing Co.

Sayings of the Wise

Adam—"I've fallen for it."
Plutarch—"I'm sorry that I have no more lives to give my country."
Samson—"I'm strong for you, kid."
Jonah—"You can't keep a good man down."
Cleopatra—"You're an easy Mark Anthony."
David—"The bigger they are the better they fall."
Helen of Troy—"So this is Paris."
Columbus—"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."
Mary Queen of Scots—"Don't lose your head."
Nero—"Keep the home fires burning."
Solomon—"I love the ladies."
Noah—"It floats."
Methuselah—"The first hundred years are the hardest."
Henry VIII—"Treat them rough."
Queen Elizabeth (To her Walter)—
"Keep your shirt on."

—Ex.

STEVE C. WILCOX & SON
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

BUY UPSTAIRS
Save \$5 on Every \$25 Purchase

617 Walnut St. (Second Floor) Over Kresge's 10c Store
Opposite Harris-Emery Co.

Miss Ullrich (5th Period): "I know a dog that understood English and Spanish both."

Gilbert: "Do pigs understand pig Latin?"

Student: "Wait until lunch period and you can see."

□ □

The reason the jokes are funny in this issue is because the joke editor has an inspiration—Warthen Hobbs' picture on her desk.

He Was Stumped

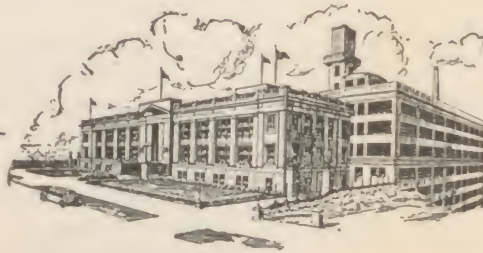
Mr. Lyman states that while in the woods, a little fox mistook him for a stump. Not very complimentary? And we might add that we were surprised that he could remain motionless for that length of time.

□ □

Nels J.: "Say, John, did you use a daisy to see if Dorothy liked you?"

John W.: "No, I used a 3-leaf-clover."

Distinctive Engraving and Printing



*Engraved Cards
Graduation Announcements
Society Stationery
Dance Programs*



*Special Designs to Order for
Sororities Fraternities
Greek Letter Societies*

LATEST TIFFANY STYLES



The Homestead Company

DES MOINES

Grand Avenue at Nineteenth







